

# The TATLER

Vol. CLIII. No. 1994

London  
September 13, 1939



REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION IN THE  
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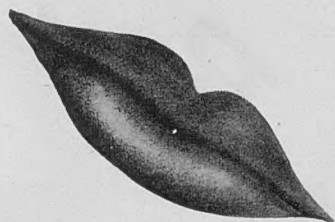


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## ACHTUNG, HAWKINS! ACHTUNG!

"I say, Hawkins, you might be more careful. You nearly had me over the banisters."

"I'm very sorry, Sir. I had not anticipated your arrival in — er — one fell swoop, if I may coin a phrase. In fact, Sir, I didn't know you were up."

"My good man, I've been up since cockcrow. The clocks were striking eight as I sprang from my Spartan box spring mattress."

"Indeed, Sir."

"Yes, Hawkins. Indeed! Indeed! Indeed! I suppose you

think I ought to have a roaring headache?"

"Well, Sir, now that you press me, you were out rather late last night."

"Of course I was. Didn't get back till three. But I drank nothing but gin and Rose's. And now I'm feeling as fit as one of those culinary what's-its-names."

"Trivets, Sir. I'm not surprised, Sir. Rose's Lime Juice possesses therapeutic properties which..."

"Confound you, Hawkins. You know all the answers!"

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and  
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# The TATLER

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## HIS MAJESTY THE KING SPEAKS TO HIS PEOPLE

*"In this grave hour, perhaps the most fateful in our history, I send to every household of my peoples, both at home and overseas, this message, spoken with the same depth of feeling for each one of you as if I were able to cross your threshold and speak to you myself.*

*For the second time in the lives of most of us we are at war. Over and over again we have tried to find a peaceful way out of the differences between ourselves and those who are now our enemies. But it has been in vain.*

*We have been forced into a conflict. For we are called, with our Allies, to meet the challenge of a principle which, if it were to prevail, would be fatal to any civilized order in the world.*

*It is the principle which permits a State, in the selfish pursuit of power, to disregard its treaties and its solemn pledges: which sanctions the use of force, or threat of force, against the Sovereignty and independence of other States.*

*Such a principle, stripped of all disguise, is surely the mere primitive doctrine that might is right: and if this principle were established throughout the world, the freedom of our own country and of the whole British Commonwealth of Nations would be in danger.*

*But far more than this—the peoples of the world would be kept in the bondage of fear, and all hopes of settled peace and of the security of justice and liberty among nations would be ended.*

*This is the ultimate issue which confronts us. For the sake of all that we ourselves hold dear, and of the world's order and peace, it is unthinkable that we should refuse to meet the challenge.*

*It is to this high purpose that I now call my people at home and my peoples across the seas, who will make our cause their own.*

*I ask them to stand calm, firm and united in this time of trial. The task will be hard. There may be dark days ahead, and war can no longer be confined to the battlefield. But we can only do the right as we see the right, and reverently commit our cause to God.*

*If one and all we keep resolutely faithful to it, ready for whatever service or sacrifice it may demand, then, with God's help, we shall prevail. May He bless and keep us all."*





EVE OF WAR WEDDING

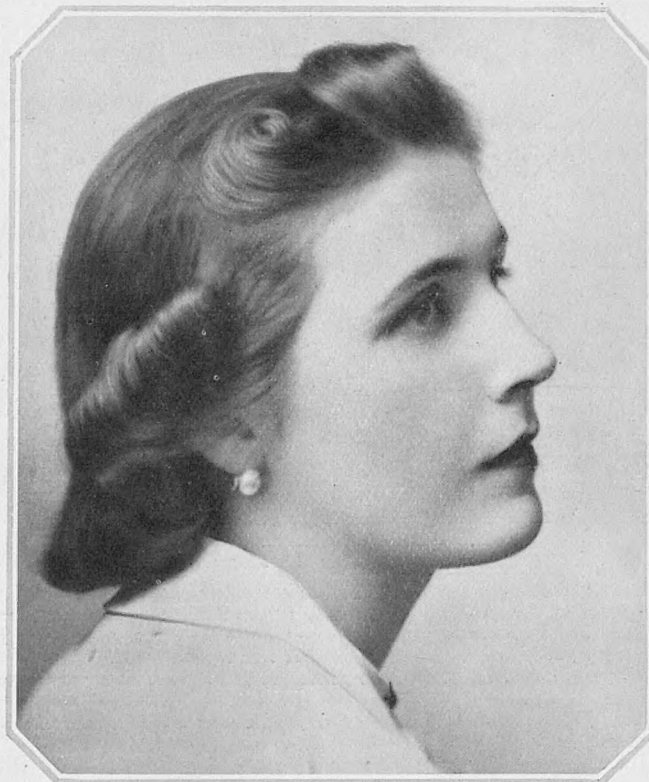
Paterson

Among the many marriages that have been hurried up by the current spot of bother was that between Lord Dulverton's eldest son, the Hon. Anthony Hamilton Wills and Miss Judith Betty Leslie Melville. The ceremony was held at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness. In this group the bride's parents, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Ian and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Melville are on the left, and Lord and Lady Dulverton on the right

"THE same motives that first incited the Germans to cross the Rhine will ever subsist; ambition, avarice and the love of new settlements. . . . But liberty and specious pretences are employed to veil their designs; nor did any man ever desire to seduce others to servitude and subjection to himself without using the same terms."—TACITUS (Roman historian, *circa* A.D. 55-119).

"What has come to a head in Europe is not a decision about Europe; it is a decision about this planet. It has nothing to do with the rectification of the Treaty of Versailles. The issue involves the total re-distribution of world power and the complete re-organization of the whole world along revolutionary lines, that if successful will end the very conception of Europe. The plan of the 'dynamic powers' is to divide the earth into monopolistic areas or 'spheres of influence' to be administered by a new form of imperialism consisting of state socialism under absolute government, each area ruled by a master race over subject 'aliens' of second-class citizenship. These will work in return for economic and political security in a permanent condition of benevolent slavery. . . . We (the United States) shall have to come into the new world-wide New Deal on the terms dictated to us, or fight, or perish."—DOROTHY THOMPSON (*précis* of a recent syndicated article by America's foremost political observer).

"Those who have any real first-hand knowledge of a subject are always very few, hence the tedium of the conversation



MISS VIRGINIA HUGHES-ONSLOW

Hay Wrightson

The engagement has been announced of the lovely only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Oliver Hughes-Onslow, of Craig, Turnberry, Ayrshire, to Mr. Edward Buxton Clive, younger son of Lieutenant-General Sir Sidney Clive and Lady Clive of Perrystone Court, Ross, Herefordshire

## And the World Said—



C.-IN-C. IN THE PARK

St. James's Park is the scene of many a distinguished "constitutional" nowadays. Here is General Viscount Gort, V.C., Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces, chatting with Lady Marjorie Hamilton

in most houses on most subjects, and it is for this reason the more civilized English have prohibited serious conversation at table. There are far too many earnest people—specially in times of crisis—ready to spoil one's food by hammering at the obvious with a moral indignation that shows their hearts to be as empty as their heads."—(From "The Duchess of Popacatapetl," a new novel by W. J. Turner, English poet, author of fantasies and biographer of Beethoven.)

So we will not hammer at the obvious, however heavy our hearts must be. Never since I started writing this article two years ago has it been as difficult to bridge, in imagination, the time until you read it, and this time the lapse is abnormally long because, being an incurable optimist, and under the impression from the very sparse news available in Biarritz, that satisfactory diplomatic exchanges were going



on, I was marooned by general mobilization, and so must post this many days ahead, hoping it will arrive in time—a somewhat faint hope—as the trains are off for all civilians, the air service is off, the telephone (except for local calls in French) is off and so are the boats from Bordeaux, which sounds like a recital by the waitress of favourite items on the menu, at one of those places where women shoppers lunch. Much as I long to be in my own country, to have seen a *mobilisation générale* is an unforgettable experience, heroic in its lack of heroics, and as such I would not exchange it. I was in Paris during the partial mobilization nearly a year ago, when the calm and cheerful contrast with London's nervousness (due naturally enough to the shock of unpreparedness, soon to be overcome) impressed every visitor with the imperishable quality of the French character, and again in April when certain classes were mobilized I happened to be in Paris, but this time, it is different. The unforgettable thing was the way they went; so quietly, without a trace of bitterness or arrogance or *braggadocio*, but showing all the reasonableness of their race, saying that it was the only thing to do, that, after all, it was one's duty to stop this madman, that not to go would be a greater catastrophe than war. None of these men (some looking like children, young and shiny-faced, some old, wrinkled grandfathers, well aware what *quatorze* was like) pretended he wanted to lay down everything that is near and dear and go to war, but he saw it as the only honourable, the only possible course, and this absence of heat and hate made the atmosphere all the more impressive and the untheatrical, purposely calm partings all the more painful to witness. The women who saw their husbands go in '14 and now their sons are most to be pitied, but not by one word or gesture do they seem to grudge them to *la patrie*, indeed they manage by superhuman efforts to hide their feelings, and already the humour of France (like, yet unlike, the humour of Ole Bill) has re-asserted itself. The depleted staff of the Miramar Hotel is laughing at and with the sailor chef who dislikes railway travel and has been mobilized three times in a year, which means three journeys to Toulon. His indignant parting, "*Je commence en avoir assez*," did every one good, in the midst of that awful afternoon when the sun burnt down on the pink-roofed villas of this long-established *ville de luxe* (where the Empress Eugenie and the Queen-Empress Victoria stayed twice upon a time) and the tocsin rang for the mobilization which every one knew meant war. Bells



WORK FOR WOMEN

Miss Kay Charles, daughter of General Charles, is seen in her capacity as a member of the Mechanical Transport Training Corps receiving instructions before rushing out with a message. This organization, whose headquarters are in Leinster Gardens, Bayswater, is in urgent need of more women motor cyclists and machines

the early years of the Soviet industrial expansion, she made extensive (and expensive for those in England and elsewhere who discounted the notes) purchases of mechanical and

electrical plant from the big German firms such as Krupps, V.S., Demag, Bamag, A.E.G., Siemens-Halske, etc. She also spent millions on industrial equipment in America, but the Americans would not wait for long-term payments as the Germans did, so business between the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. petered out. The Russians, unlike the Japanese, have proved unable to copy or even to maintain enormous masses of complicated machinery, and you can take it from the engineers that the initial installations of ten and more years ago are now in a bad way. The renewals can only be made by the Germans (who have the blue-prints required, the experience and efficiency) and knowing this weak link in the Russian armour, Germany concluded a trade agreement with her (in small print in the world's Press!) a few days before the big pact transfixed everybody, everywhere. The trade agreement was the straw in the wind; the other may



ARRIVING AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS

The usually sparsely populated benches of the Upper House have, of course, been filled to listen to Lord Halifax's momentous pronouncements. Here are (l. to r.) Mr. Lonsdale, Lord Clive and Lord Chaplin. Lord Clive is a descendant of Clive of India and on the death of his mother, a baroness in her own right, in 1929, became also the seventeenth Baron Darcy de Knayth, a title dating back to 1332



## And the World said—*continued*

prove the straw which breaks the camel's back—and we all know what "camel" means in French. To know what anything means when one is tucked away in Biarritz is not easy. Not only are communications practically non-existent, but a cosmopolitan "idle rich" society is an incubator for alarms and absurd rumours, secure in its own immunity, with Spain far too tired to harry her neighbour. The first really bad news came from Sir Charles Mendl before the telephone from Paris was cut off. Like so many of his race, he has said all along that war was inevitable, so one hoped he was wrong again. His final message that Germany had attacked Poland caused such a splash at the *Chambre d'Amour* bathing pool that one could not help, fearsome as the news was, seeing a comic side in the cackling by Americans, Mexicans, Argentines, Rumanians and what-have-yous, which ensued. The British remnants became very old-school-tie in a corner with that ever-lovely ex-actress Julia James, whose young French sons went on diving happily unconcerned. Then Kathleen Lady Drogheda's description of her journey from Cannes just before Italy's not altogether unexpected avowal of immobility came as a breath of Scots dryness. Apparently, Contessa "Dorothy" di Frasso, American socialite and Hollywood hostess, had to sleep in the corridor. Another American socialite, a member of Boodle's, who came in the *Clipper* and got "caught" in England, will be a splendid recruiting officer for us when he gets home. He thinks the way England has behaved and is behaving so magnificent, by all the canons of America's ideals, that he is inclined to apply for British citizenship. That from a 100 per cent American is Something! For once, England and France share an identical point-of-view with twin reactions. Always before there were *nuances*, qualifications. Now the leader in the *Evening News*—"We are all of us tired of this interminable hectoring, and whining and bragging and endless greeds and threats—we are ready to fight for a quiet life," is almost word for word (and I do not suggest it was a translation) of the *Figaro*. *Voilà!* The French admire Mr. Chamberlain prodigiously and are not throwing all the mistakes of our foreign policy since the Great War in our faces, being aware their own cannot be held entirely blameless, but they do hark back to Foch, the one genius of the war, who maintained that unless conquered Germany was occupied and divided into its pre-Bismarck states, we should have to begin again in from twenty to thirty years. Splitting the difference, the great Marshal forecast the number of years dead right. Where both the French and ourselves are still entirely wrong is in considering first the Kaiser and now the Führer abnormal and differing from all other Germans, therefore solely guilty of war. We have not realized in our generous wish to absolve the German people now as in '14 from all war guilt, that these two were and are only different from the mass of Germans in that they epitomize to an extraordinary degree the German mentality of their time. Its trappings—and its uniforms—may and do change with the years, but the fundamental lust to dominate others is apparently eradicable—see "Tacitus" at the beginning.

People are pouring into Biarritz because it is a safety zone. The "Bunker" Vincents had twenty offers for their villa, including a joint one from "Johnny" McMullen and Lady Mendl. The English-born Marquesa di Portago is turning her villa into a hospital; her horses and Mr. Frederick H. Prince's

hunters at Pau were among the first to be requisitioned. Chilberta is still open, run by the indefatigable and hereditary Countess de Bendor, better remembered as Baroness De Forest, *née* Ethel Gerard, cousin of the unique Charles Gerard whose wife is a Biarritz "refugee" as were "Charlie" Munn with son and daughter, Sir Robert Throckmorton, Captain Guy Lambart, Lady Veronica Hornby and others, who, like me, failed to read the writing on the wall. Countess de Bendor (who is about to be made a grandmother by Countess Patricia Bendor) hopes to keep it open as there will be so many non-combatants, but the absence of male labour raises a problem. Luckily, the caddies are mostly women, including the popular "Marie," whose shadow never grows less. The plump caddy-master with the Basque accent is mobilized at Bayonne and pops over between military duties breathing garlic and self-importance. Good-lookers on the course include Madame Michel Dassonville (Florrie Owen, an April bride, whose husband was in the first class to be called up), Madame Max Ausnit the Rumanian belle, Mlle Helleu,

whose father etched the Edwardian beauties, Anne Wakefield-Saunders, Elaine German-Ribon with her uncle, Señor Aramayo, who was the popular Bolivian Minister in London for years, and Mrs. "Charlie" Winn. The most beautiful is the young Turkish-born Princess of Berar, whose father-in-law, the Nizam of Hyderabad, telegraphed his loyalty to the King-Emperor. A niece of the late King Fuad, she is intelligent as well. Their party, occupying a whole floor of the *Miramar en prince*, includes Major Gervais Portal, who has lived in the native states for the last ten years or so. Almost as rich is Mrs. Jessie Woolworth Donahue, seen with one of her irrepressible sons and all her pearls (not Woolworth's). She has the same fair colouring and an even whiter skin than her niece, Barbara, whose baby, Lance Haugwitz-Reventlow, does not look much like her or her handsome ex-husband, having taken after grandfather Hutton, whose neat features and mild expression are typical of

the American business man in real life, as opposed to the square-jawed go-getter of the movies. Which brings up Constance Collier's remark when I snapped her in Hollywood last Christmas Day: "Shall I try to look like Il Duce, or do you prefer my other expression?"

My Scotch gossip is full of baby talk, in spite of everything. She signals rejoicings over the safe arrival of the Lovats' heir and of the Montgomeries', who will one day be the bonny Earl of Eglinton—especially if he inherits his mother's dimples. There is great activity in Dumfriesshire, where the "Teddy" Brooks (he's an equerry to the Duke of Gloucester) are turning Kinmont Castle into a hospital. His other place, Hoddam, which was used as a hostel recently, is now full of evacuated children. Lady Buchanan-Jardine and her schoolboy son, Rupert, are in residence at the "*Château de Lait*" from whence Sir "Jock" went chasing the elusive and uneatable cub until recently. Colonel Ralph Hope-Vere is back at Knockhill, Ecclefechan from two months' hard labour in the gardens of his ancestral domain of Blackwood. The villa he inherited from his mother, the late "queen" of Biarritz, is certain to be eased now there's such a run on the *Côte d'Argent*.



A NEW WAR NAVAL ENGAGEMENT  
MISS JEAN ROBB TO LIEUT. G. W.  
VAVASOUR, R.N. (left)



The Führer appears to be responsible for a positive Niagara of romances—a whole page of newly-wedded and newly-engaged young people appears elsewhere in this issue. Miss Robb is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Robb of Rowlands Castle, Hants. Lieutenant Vavasour is the only son of Sir Leonard and Lady Vavasour and consequently heir to the baronetcy



## SOME OF THE MANY NEW WAR WEDDINGS



MISS NOREEN BAILEY AT  
HER SISTER ANN'S WEDDING



MR. AND MRS. PIERCE SYNNOTT (MISS  
ANN BAILEY) AFTER THEIR WEDDING



THE HON. LADY BAILEY,  
THE BRIDE'S MOTHER



MR. AND MRS. C. CUBITT (NÉE ROSEMARY MILLS)  
AND MR. AND MRS. C. LARKING (NÉE PAMELA MILLS)



THE HON. PATRICK AND MRS. SEELY  
WITH "POOTIE" AND "KRUGER"

The spate of "Hitler War" weddings has been very intense as is not very surprising, for the final cataclysm, though long expected, came at the last with very high speed. It is only possible to include a few of these recent happy events—happy, as we may be sure, in spite of the surrounding conditions. Miss Ann Bailey's wedding was at the Oratory. Her husband, Mr. Pierce Synnott, who is a very efficient landsman employed at the Admiralty is in happier times very well known with the Kildare. Miss Noreen Bailey, the bride's sister, is the youngest of Sir Abe and the Hon. Lady Bailey's daughters and was naturally in support at the wedding. The Hon. Lady Bailey is Lord Rossmore's only sister. The weddings of Miss Rosemary and Miss Pamela Mills which were at Sherfield, near Basingstoke, were not of the double order, but in very quick succession. The brides are the daughters of Captain and Mrs. Cecil Mills. The Hon. Patrick Seely, Lord Mottistone's second son, was married to Miss Josephine Van Haeften at Hursley Parish Church, Hampshire, the day before this war was officially pronounced to be in being. The bride is the only daughter of Lady Ley and Baron Van Haeften



# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

## Mr. Shaw's Letter

MR. SHAW ought to be reminded, with all the respect due to his years, of Cleopatra's line in Shakespeare's play: "Though age from folly could not give me freedom, it does from childishness." Mr. Shaw is a brilliant logician and a brilliant debater. His premises may or may not be valid; no man knows better how to proceed logically from premise to conclusion. In his letter to *The Times* the other day he deplored the compulsory closing of theatres and picture-houses. So do we all. Mr. Shaw says: "During the last war we had 80,000 soldiers on leave to amuse every night. There were not enough theatres for them, and theatre rents rose to fabulous figures. Are there to be no theatres for them this time? We have hundreds of thousands of evacuated children to be kept out of mischief and traffic dangers. Are there to be no pictures for them?" This passage envisages two kinds of playgoer and two only—soldiers on leave and children who have been evacuated. Well, I may be old-fashioned, but it seems to me that with regard to the children it would be a lunatic notion that, having scattered them as widely as possible, we should proceed to herd as many of them together as possible. Mr. Shaw goes on to say: "The authorities, now all-powerful, should at once set to work to provide new theatres and picture-houses where these are lacking." Clearly they are not lacking in the big cities to which, I take it, no children have been sent. On the day on which Mr. Shaw's letter appeared, *The Manchester Guardian* gave a photograph of a number of evacuated children strolling down a lane in the English Lakes with Coniston Old Man in the background. Does Mr. Shaw propose that the authorities, now all-powerful and presumably all-busy, should detail a number of able-bodied men to build a cinema in that remote and delectable village?

But let me be serious, even if Mr. Shaw cannot be! The whole point about closing the theatres and picturehouses is the lessening of the risk during an air raid. How comes it that Mr. Shaw has no word to say about this? He might conceivably say that the 80,000 soldiers who were always on leave during the last war are entitled, if they like, to incur a collective risk which is probably a great deal smaller than the risk they have to take every night and every day in the course of their duties. That, at least, would have been an argument, though a poor one. But has the soldier any right, while the war is in being, to take any risk whatever while temporarily absent from the front? This is not a matter of sentiment, but of sheer and, if you like, inhuman arithmetic. In peace time any healthy and vigorous young man is entitled to jump into a canal to rescue a drowning kitten. Or to climb to the top of a burning house and save his dog. But in war time the case is entirely changed. He must not jump into that canal or climb those stairs. Now one must not ask too much of flesh and blood, and I can see that it might take a commanding officer to restrain the young man. In the case of soldiers on leave the authorities are the commanding officer, and closing the theatres and cinemas is a mere way of arranging that there shall be no kitten and no dog to act as temptations to valour at the wrong time. Mr. Shaw is by no means ignorant of human nature. He knows very well that where the soldiers on leave go their girls will go also, that this will be one of the occasions on which no soldier will dare to boast of the girl he left behind him.

Now comes a vital point which I must believe Mr. Shaw to have wilfully missed, but which I suggest that he lacked the courage to make. This is it. One of the first things essential in war is to maintain the spirits of the civilians at home. Now the authorities know perfectly well that the closing not only of theatres and cinemas, but also of race tracks and stadia, must tend to depress the people. Mr. Shaw's one line of argument, sedulously avoided by him, is that the price of the contrary operation, that of damping the spirits of the people,



GARBO GOES GAY

One of the most sensational film turnovers in history is the farcical part for which Greta Garbo, greatest of "intense" actresses, has been cast in her latest film *Ninotchka*. Her leading man is Melvyn Douglas, and the pair of them seem to be keeping up the new gay spirit off the set. Ernst Lubitsch, famous for many comedy successes, is the director

may be excessive. At this point we are compelled to have recourse to the sordid business of arithmetic. The authorities have to ask themselves, and probably have asked themselves, what is the value to a country in *lives* of a cheerful nation as compared to a dispirited nation. It is arguable, and Mr. Shaw should have argued it, that the support given by theatres and films to the general *moral* is worth the risk. Remember, too, that it is a risk which people take voluntarily and not under compulsion. It is necessary in such cases to look all round the question, and to realize that some theatregoers and nearly all filmgoers would be unable to forgo the risk even if they were aware of it! There are plenty of children who would not be able to resist dipping into a box of chocolates even though they were told that one of those chocolates might be poisoned.

Personally, I think that the authorities are entirely right in their safeguarding action of temporary closure, at least until they have statistics to guide them as to the amount of risk involved in keeping places of entertainment open. In these dark nights when one is asked to keep indoors, I doubt very much whether I should refrain from playing my gramophone if I knew that there was just a chance that one record out of, say, every 250,000 manufactured might explode! Note that in the last sentence I said "might" and not "would." It is certain that I should not feel entirely comfortable with this possibility at the back of my mind while I was picking and choosing among my records. But then I do not imagine that the theatre-or cinemagoer will ever feel entirely comfortable while the war lasts. And, of course, it is quite possible that, so long as the war lasts, nobody is going to feel entirely comfortable anywhere.

I am sorry that Mr. Shaw did not advance the argument I have outlined above. I do not agree with it, as I have said, but at least it is an argument and not an evasion. And I repeat that in my view the authorities have acted wisely and well in pursuing the policy of Wait and See. I am aware of the hardship to the artistes. "While the grass grows . . ." said Hamlet. "Wait and See" becomes a tragedy when it refers to the next meal.

J. A.

THE TATLER will be pleased and grateful to receive from readers at home and abroad, interesting photographs of personalities or events. Jokes which are, or can be, illustrated dealing with the humorous side of the present unhappy struggle will also be welcomed. All material accepted will be liberally paid for, and should be addressed to: The Editor, THE TATLER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts.



# PICTURES FROM

# WARLESS AMERICA



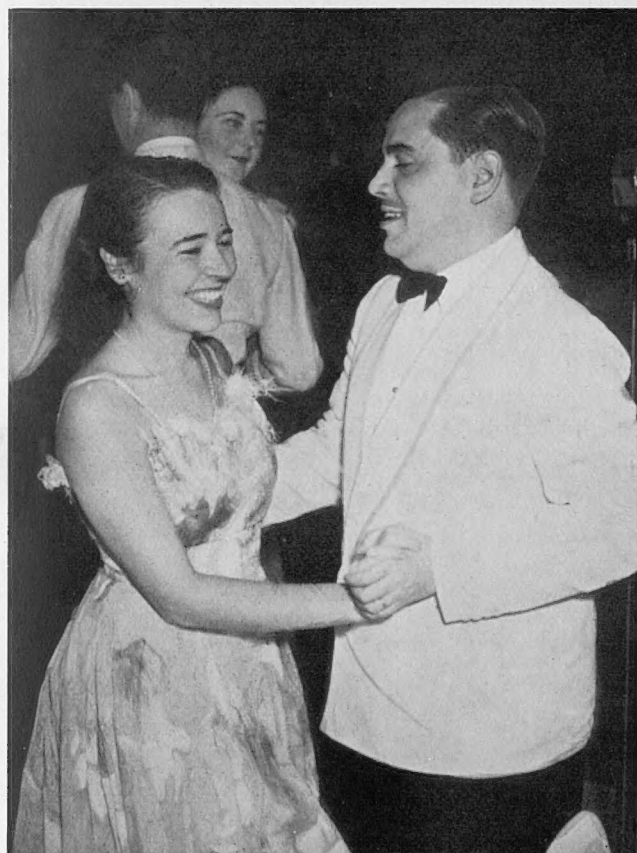
AT A RECENT WEDDING: MR. NEWBY MURRAY, MRS. BANKS BERTCHSMAN AND MRS. BLAKE ADAMS



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM  
MR. AND MRS. A. M. PONSONBY



THEIR MOTHERS: MRS. NEVILLE  
FLOWER AND MRS. MINNEGERODE



AT THE WORLD'S FAIR: COMMANDER  
AND MME. ERNANI DO AMORAL PIEXOTO



IRENE CASTLE (MRS. McLAUGHLIN)  
AND SENHOR JORGE COSTE-LEITE



THE MOST EXPENSIVE HAT IN THE  
WORLD AND MME. CLAUDE ARPELS

America is warless—at present—but this is a very different thing to saying that America is not war conscious. She may be carrying on her usual peaceful avocations, including weddings, visiting the World's Fair, learning new dances (vide picture of Irene Castle), and wearing 80,000 dollar hats made of solid gold straw with jewelled flowers (vide Mme. Claude Arpels)—but behind it all is something far less frivolous. America stands an indignant and angry figure for all to see. The wedding pictured at the top was that of Miss Patricia Minnegerode, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee Minnegerode, he being United States Army (retired), and Mr. Arthur Mountefort Longfield Ponsonby, son of Mrs. Neville Flower of Castle Mary, Cloyne, Eire, and of the late Major the Hon. Myles Ponsonby. The wedding was at Sands Point, Long Island. Any one trying to teach Irene Castle anything about dancing, savours of carrying coals to Newcastle, but the Brazilian Consul in New York was brave enough to try it. The dance is said to be called the Samba! Commander do Amoral Piexoto is the Governor of Rio, and his bride, the former Senhorita Alzira Vargas, is the daughter of the President of Brazil



# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

SO at last it has come and it has found us in a state of preparedness, with every man smouldering with an undying hate, not against the poor down-trodden Jerry, but against his rulers. Every man has had the whole of his world knocked to bits, and those who took part in the last war have some sort of a guess as to what this one may mean, but with the extraordinary temperament of our more than odd race, they have come, not up to scratch, but up to plus-four, with the same grim sense of humour that went far to helping us through the last. I, personally, was in the north of Scotland when the "off" came through on the "blower." Children were arriving by train loads from the evacuated areas and cheerfully being taken in and garaged for the duration, by every one, down to the smallest crofter with his two cows, a dozen hens and a flattened acre of barley. It was hard leaving that glorious country, wondering if "the Twelfth" would ever mean anything to us again. And so, on down the road, soldiers in every village and anti-aircraft guns behind every hedge to Doncaster, defrauded of its Leger by a week. Has Lord Rosebery been defrauded of his triple crown? We shall never know now, but he has unquestionably a very good and possibly a great horse. Our sympathies are with him and with all the breeders, some of whose yearlings from Ireland had already arrived for the sales. When one thinks that high-class studs reckon it costs £1,000 a head to produce their yearlings in the ring, some idea of their net losses can be gathered. The sales have been indefinitely postponed and are not likely to be lucrative if held during hostilities.

On again from Doncaster, taking the right hand fork at Bawtry for the sentimental, if masochistic, reason of driving right through the cream of the Quorn Monday country from Widmerpool New Inn, past Six Hills to Leicester. Beautiful the grass looked and one longed for a ten-minute cub-hunting squirt over it, "blind" as the fences were.

The oddest thing on the roads was the number of men working on them. With so much corn waiting to be harvested, it seemed a waste of labour to be building by-passes to straighten out a small bend. Far more ludicrous is the painting of the white lines down the centre. While this is essential nowadays for night driving without lights, the method is Heath Robinson at his best. It takes four men, two with a tape measure, to do this job. The absolutely exact geometrical position of the oblong having been decided on, one man

holds the paint pot, while the other paints with the accuracy and detail of Rembrandt. Why not go with the march of modern science and use an apparatus, complicated as it may be, like a tennis-court marker. I saw two of these in five hundred miles, so it must be possible. Three able-bodied men tending the shrubs on the island between the dual roadways, between Six Hills and Leicester seemed rather superfluous. In Northampton, police duties had been largely taken over by civilians and it was obvious that our old friend Andrew McIlwaine, the horse merchant from Guilsborough, had grossly mistaken his previous calling.

Arrived in London, nothing but civilian police, A.R.P. wardens and sandbags everywhere. In the club, every one back in uniform, buttons in some cases working overtime, but the whole still roughly recognizable as soldiers' working costume. What is on the notice board? A.R.P. notices, gas instructions, recruiting information? No. Above a small pink chit over which an inebriated and ink-sodden spider has crawled, is the legend "Will the gentleman with the illegible signature, who had four large Kummels in the Cavalry Club tent at Goodwood, kindly pay the hall porter."

At lunch there is a heterogeneous crowd of members disguised as soldiers, policemen, politicians and people waiting to be called up. These are mostly A.R.P. wardens for the time being and I am told there is nothing so reassuring as to see Mr. Jack Clayton at about 3 a.m., marching with his accustomed soldierly gait round the purlieus of Mayfair, carrying in one hand a rattle and the other a giant dinner bell, looking like an Arsenal fan going to a Cup Final.

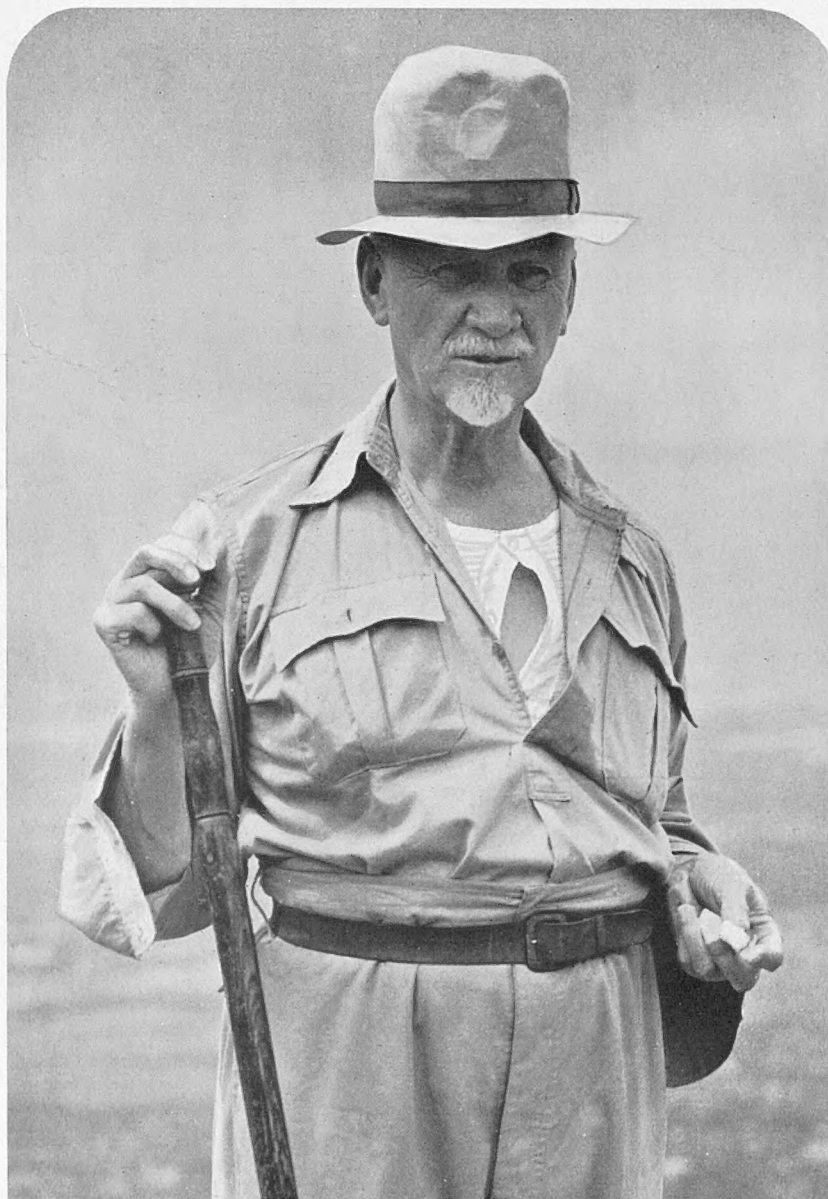
"Darn hard work this night shift," said another to me. "You see our beat goes down — Street where Peter has a flat. We used to have to ring to say he was showing a light, but now he leaves the door on the latch and the drinks in the hall. Then in — Street my mate has a flat and two others of our outfit own pubs. The owner of our basement dug-out is very good about it too. My valet is our O.C. He's a martinet till 6 a.m., and then asks what time we shall want calling." Our nation is indeed a wonderful organization. Everything is taken just as lightheartedly as going to the play.

\* \* \*

The Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, implore help for the pathetic case of an elderly widow, a gentlewoman to whom the tiny sum of 2s. 6d. more, a week, would make all the difference, as her income is only 15s. weekly. She is blind in one eye, over sixty, tired and frail. Her daughter who used to support her is now mental, and will never be fit for a job again.

\* \* \*

The Friends of the Poor are also trying to give a little practical help to the widow (aged seventy-five) of a plumber. He was ill for twelve years before his death, and this exhausted all their savings leaving his widow without provision. She gets the old-age pension and 5s. from her married son. Please send us £10.



GENERAL SMUTS, SOUTH AFRICA'S PREMIER

He fought gallantly against us in the South African War 1900-01; he fought equally gallantly for us in the last Great War and in Hitler's war it is good to know that he is again at our side. General Smuts has succeeded General Hertzog as South Africa's Premier



## THEIR TAILS WELL UP— AT THE QUORN AND BELVOIR PONY CLUBS



AT GRANTHAM CASTLE (HARLESTON MANOR)

Left to right are: Captain and Mrs. W. F. Player, Lady Longmore, Miss Dorothy and Miss Betty Groom, Master Michael Player, and (extreme right) Mrs. Fred Norton



LADY WATSON AND AN UNDER-TWELVE WINNER,  
PAMELA WILLS



DOREEN DICKMORE (QUORN) AND BARBARA  
CRACROFT-AMCOTTS (BELVOIR)



MISS NANCY TODD AND SOME  
ATTRACTIVE FRIENDS

Howard Barrett

The combined Quorn and Belvoir Pony Club's camp was a capital idea even though the morale of this nation needs no reinforcing: but it is an admirable thing to give everyone, whether young or old, something other than Bloody Fronted war about which to think. During this gathering held at what is now Grantham Castle, they, of course, had one of those things called gymkhanas at which they usually demand that the competitor does something almost as dangerous as tiger-shooting on foot. It took on a more or less Inter-Hunt complexion, and two of the rivals are in one of the bottom pictures. Little Barbara Cracroft-Amcotts is the daughter of Lieut.-Commander and Mrs. Cracroft-Amcotts, who live at Rauceby. Captain W. F. Player, brother of someone well known to one and all in Leicestershire as "Donny," in happier times, is strongly addicted to point-to-pointing. Also in the same group is Lady Longmore, wife of Air Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore who, before he took to the air, was a sailor, and one who fought at the Battle of Jutland which battle, unfortunately, the British Navy may not have a chance of reproducing. The reason is that there is nothing much to fight



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Mr. Priestley  
Continues.

**T**OO many autobiographies are merely a record of events and people. A dull business; unless illuminated by wit, common humanity, and, perhaps, just a touch of malice. One wonders occasionally why so many are written, unless it be to gratify the author and his friends, who hope to be mentioned in the book; or, peradventure, that usually fatal illusion of successful and

We go eastward to Egypt; to New York, to the desert shack in America where "Midnight on the Desert" was written; we are in London and elsewhere; but actually we never really leave the room in the author's house on the Isle of Wight during that rainy period when the book was evolved and written. For the simple reason that it is there where Mr. Priestley reveals his feelings and opinions; those portions of his autobiography which are the most personal and so the more memorable. These personal feelings and opinions have been largely responsible for Mr. Priestley's later serious plays. It is the mental suggestion behind the plots of "Time and the Conways," "We Have Been Here Before," and "Johnson Over Jordan" which remain in the memory long after the actual events on the stage have become blurred, except as helping to expose the main idea behind the words and action.

So once again he elaborates his theory of time, and of dreams, which belong to that theory. You may not agree with him; but the joy of not agreeing with people is the fact that it makes you think for yourself; to review your own beliefs. For example, "I do not find in myself any haunting feeling that I have lived in some other age; but unless you follow the psychologists who tell us that the whole mysterious hinterland of our minds owes everything to a few experiences in childhood, you will have to confess that these profound emotions, which enrich our lives, are tests of and clues to our essential nature, to the innermost self. And certainly they do not belong to the small rational world, the little surface of life they map for us in the text-books. Nor do they merely colour the interior of people's lives. They can shape and change the whole outward mode of living. One young man walks into a museum gallery of Egyptian antiquities and afterwards arranges his whole existence so that he can meditate on ancient Egypt. . . . This call and response from the essential nature, the innermost self, we call romance, and it is as common as blackberries, and yet a mystery."

Which is true enough, yet never can I understand—why the mystery? For if we can remember nothing of a previous life—what good has it done us, except to create within us longings most of which our present destiny plans ironically to thwart? And if a previous existence leaves behind it only so many marked preferences, the sad experiences of this life matter little or nothing unless later on we can fulfil the happiness which stands as a contradiction to this sorrow—and to know it. Yet it is an absorbing mystery—as absorbing as the problem of time itself. It is this zigzag method, so to speak, which makes the present autobiography so profoundly interesting. So that we may be reading of the fate which befell that splendid but unsuccessful play, *Johnson Over Jordan*, only to come on the next page to a criticism of modern England and modern Englishmen. It is at least honest and few will say it is unjust.

"We are a people who live better in private than in public. But I doubt if we live very well any more in private. There is, of course, much dissatisfaction, for if there were not it would be all up with us. But it is not one great roaring dissatisfaction. It is in spots. . . . During the last few years our national life has been riddled with complacency, snobbery, hypocrisy, stupidity. Never before have we made such a fuss about trivialities. Never before have we congratulated ourselves so often about nothing. . . . Every possible triviality of mind has been encouraged, and anything likely to make us think and feel deeply has been

(Continued on page 472.)



Vandyk

SIR PHILIP GIBBS, K.B.E.

The famous war correspondent and author who did such fine work on the Western front in the last war and also in a similar capacity with the Bulgarian Army two years before that. The tale of very good books from Sir Philip Gibbs' pen about these adventures and many other acts, matters, and things is indeed a long and interesting one

some obscure people that what has interested them is of interest to millions of others. As a matter of fact, my own experience in life is that the vast majority of people are politely bored both by relation of your miseries as well as of your good fortune. They have their own. Usually they listen, only awaiting an opportunity to cut your revelations short by an equally long account of what has happened to them. Women especially. Besides, my own belief is that the revelations revealed in conversation are of no real account. If they were, people wouldn't reveal them. At least, not easily, not eagerly. The things which really matter to us are not, except with great difficulty, put into words. A friend understands them by imaginative intuition; an acquaintance understands nothing until he has been told. Therein lies the difference between them. And, perhaps, why some people have hundreds of acquaintances and not one real friend to call their own. The spoken version and the spiritual version of the same events in our lives are always two entirely different narratives. The spoken ones make conversation; the unspoken ones—reality.

Consequently, when I opened Mr. J. B. Priestley's further chapter of autobiography, "Rain Upon Godshill" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), I settled down to enjoy myself, because I knew that the book would be an interesting mixture of the inner and outer life of the author; the events and the mental adventures which, so to speak, accompany the strange higgledy-piggledy pattern of our day-by-day lives. Those people who read the earlier volume of Mr. Priestley's autobiography, "Midnight on the Desert," will know exactly what I mean. For this new volume takes up the story from where the previous one left off. We travel, of course.



MRS. MONTAGU NORMAN

The wife of the famous Governor of the Bank of England, the Rt. Hon. Montagu Norman, who is now Vice-Chairman of the Women's Voluntary Service and, it need scarcely be said, is the right woman in the right place. Mrs. Montagu Norman is a daughter of the late Major Robert Reyntiens, Belgian Artillery, and Lady Alice Josephine Reyntiens, who is an aunt of the Earl of Abingdon



## PRINCESS IN UNIFORM

A portrait of Princess Elizabeth as a Girl Guide. The Princess Royal is president of the Girl Guide organisation, which was born in 1909 as a natural companion to the Boy Scout movement and does its work with equal thoroughness and efficiency. There is no question that both provide just that sort of training for our boys and girls that is needed in these strenuous days and will bear fruit in due season

*Photo. by Miss Pearson*





## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

discouraged. And this is not Hitler's and Mussolini's doing. It is our own. And as I see it, the rot set in when the post-war period ended in nothing, in making-do and muddling and cynical pottering as a substitute for creation." Enough of this, however. Enough to show that this further chapter of autobiography is so much more than an interesting chronicle of persons and events. That it is mentally stimulating and exciting. That it is interesting and quite extraordinarily readable from the first page to the last.

## Thoughts from "Rain Upon Godshill."

"Ideas keep men young."

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, but it bears with it the flying seeds."

"We are too apt to think that because we can understand how a thing came to be shaped, we know all about it . . . for are we not living too exclusively in a narrow world of how-the-trick-is-done, with too much How and not enough Why?"

"It is my experience that one notices more and is really more sensitive to the look and sound and flavour of things when solitary than one is with company."

"We shall do what has to be done much better if sometimes we are purged and not merely tickled."

"If ever we do build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land, it will certainly not be done under trade union rules."

## Two Delightful People in a Delightful Story.

Not for a long time have I met in a novel two more utterly delightful people than Ham and Dora Bosworth, hero and heroine of "To See Ourselves" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by Arthur Pederson and Rachel Field (who wrote a recent best-seller, "All This and Heaven Too"). They are young; they are newly married. Bosworth Senior wanted his son to remain in his own furniture business. Ham yearned to write. Dora was the dutiful yet still cheerful daughter of a mother who felt it her loving duty still to manage her child's affairs. The climax comes when Ham's college friend, Nick, writes to tell him that he is in Hollywood with an extremely lucrative author's contract; consequently, going everywhere and meeting everybody. As a writer Ham had been infinitely superior to Nick at college, but Nick had the knack of being very bright, without, however, ever being very witty. Then an aunt left Ham and Dora a thousand dollars, and with this and an old car and a perfectly enchanting and really "doggy" dog, they steal away from home and parents to seek their fortunes in the film city. Maybe they were fools to do so, seeing that Ham was always writing something and getting nothing published. But they were young. They were optimists. It was either Hollywood and the fulfilment of dreams or staying put and allowing frustration to poison life. Well, they gave their dream a chance to become real, and like most dreams when given the opportunity, reality seemed to have no relationship to the dream. Ham and Dora were so nice, however, that every reader who meets them will be as disappointed as they were. And

thank whatever gods there be that, in the end, it was the dog which saved the situation. In the meanwhile, there is yet another of those vivid descriptions of Hollywood—that remarkable, absurd, impressive celluloid city of gilded sham, which is ready-made grist for any critical writer's mill. But few have made it seem at once so sad as well as being so entertaining. "To See Ourselves" is a wholly human and delightful story, and, as I wrote before, it is a pleasure to meet such a charming couple as Ham and Dora, though only between the covers of a book.

## Thoughts from "To See Ourselves."

"When people compromise with themselves they always live to regret it."

"Once you laugh at a thing, it has lost the power to hurt you."

"There's nothing like a party when it's over, is there?"

"Someone you used to know. That's the hardest kind of friendship to pick up again. You try it with one of your intimate friends after a couple of years. There gets to be a queer sort of ghost between you."

## Some Much-Needed Humour.

Often books can take you out of yourself into a laughing world when people can't—especially the semi-professionally bright; the young rather less so than the otherwise. So, in spite of what we are going through—indeed, because of it—I recommend you to read "Daily Except on Sundays," or "Up to Town and Home Again" (Allen and Unwin; 3s. 6d.), by Edward Streeter, and illustrated by Gluyas Williams. Its humour is the humour latent in the everyday routine—if you can look at routine that way; which you should—otherwise it becomes simply deadening. And because daily routine is much the same all over the world, its humour will appeal as much to the Englishman as it has done in America, from whence the book comes. It is nice, for example, in these days, when duty seems to get sterner and sterner, to read: "Nothing

is more demoralising to catch it [the regular morning train] one morning and miss it the next. By having a regular train which you never catch, however, you will be leading an orderly existence and an independent life at the same time."

## For Those Who Still Like Horror.

Finally, for those who like real stories of violence well told, there is "Murder and Sudden Death" (Quality Press; 12s. 6d.), by John C. Woodiwiss and C. C. Thompson. There are twelve in all: ten of them English. Among them the murder of King Rufus and King Edward V.; Rayner, who killed William Whiteley; the Duke of Cumberland's valet, who was murdered, probably by his half-mad royal master, in 1812, and the unpremeditated murder of Martha Ray by her admirer in 1779. These actual crimes are all so well related and so varied in their causes that they prove more really thrilling than a whole library of most detective fiction



"To think that God's fair World has been  
The Footstool of a thing so mean."—BYRON.



# AN OXFORD MIXED BAG—

# MAINLY MILITARY



MR. B. G. BARNETT AND LORD HARCOURT



MISS EVELYN TAYLOR  
AND FRIEND



MRS. BALFOUR AND CAPTAIN  
AND MRS. P. J. LUARD



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AS AN A.T.S.  
CHIEF COMMANDANT

Signs of the times and that the counties are doubling up to get into khaki are seen in this survey of the contemporary Oxford scene. Lord Harcourt, who owns Nuneham Park, is a junior subaltern, while Mr. B. G. Barnett has his second pip. Miss Evelyn Taylor, who has an interestingly unconventional taste in pets, has been a sufferer from the closing of the theatres ; for she was playing lead in the revue, *All the Best*, at Oxford. The Duchess of Marlborough has been one of the leaders of the Women's Territorial movement, and is now one of the busiest people round Oxford. Joining in the democratic camaraderie of the British ranks is the Hon. Frank Pakenham, a brother of Lord Longford and prospective Labour candidate for Oxford City, who has joined up as a private



PRIVATE THE HON. FRANK PAKENHAM OBLIGES  
WITH A "LUCIFER"



# CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

HAVING contributed this page without a break for six-and-a-half years, except for one week during which I was crossing the Atlantic with the 1936 Walker Cup team, I sit down a little mournfully to write what may prove to be my final contribution. The temptation to air one's views on what continues to be known by the euphemism of the "international situation" is almost irresistible, but resisted it shall be, for you will have been hearing enough of it, day by day on the air, in the newspapers and, worst of all, from every Tom, Dick, and Harry who "knows for a fact . . .", etc., etc. Judging by early experience, the latter gentlemen may turn out to be one of the most trying features of the war.

"Do you want to take your diary?" asked my wife, as we evacuated our flat for the comparative safety of a house lurking beneath the ruins of the old Crystal Palace. I looked at it for a moment, and cast it into the waste-paper basket, together with the elaborate, efficient, and now utterly useless dates calendar compiled by my friend, Major Lavarack, secretary of the English Golf Union. We shan't be wanting them now.

I was hoping, as I write, to have been competing in the Irish Amateur Championship. With my new set of Henry Cotton irons, which have taken two to three strokes off my average round—a free advertisement which I am afraid will do the Maestro little good now—I was hoping to cover myself with glory by surviving a couple of rounds. If you are condemned, as I have been these seven years past, to watch every championship but take part in none, you start the week by contemplating the vast list of starters and deciding that no single man can emerge unbeaten from such an array; but when on the Saturday morning you see some luckless fellow taking three putts in the final, you conveniently forget the hard grind of the past five days, and decide that on this form you could have, without doubt, won the championship yourself. A fool's—or journalist's—paradise.

A glance at this discarded engagement diary provokes memories as well as regrets. We were due to go to Ganton for the English Women's Championship, and I was looking forward to it, because I have so often been assured that on my only previous



MR. HENRY LONGHURST  
IN THE ROUGH

A snapshot of the author of the notes on this page, when he was golfing, and also having a bit of shooting, up in the North. The "artist" who took the picture said, by way of caption, "Henry Longhurst in the rough, but he has a few birdies behind him"



MR. JAMES BRUEN,  
JR.

The British Walker Cup player and holder of the Irish Amateur Open was to have defended his title if war had not broken out. The picture was taken at the stroke competition at Portmarnock which Cecil Ewing won

visit I failed to see it at its best. This was some years ago, and the English Men's Championship was the first big tournament I reported for the London evening newspaper that is still kind enough to employ me. Accommodation for the Press consisted of a small potting-shed, furnished with little, extremely collapsible tables and crates of empty beer-bottles and assorted bulbs. One telephone hitched to the wall did service for the whole crowd of us. I remained humbly silent, as befits the new boy, but my colleagues were bitter in their complaints. I shall not forget the moment when the then secretary came round with the captain of the club to investigate these complaints. I was sitting alone in the potting-shed. "Ah," he said, with the air of a man upturning a flat stone, "there's one of them in there now!"

Then there was the Ryder Cup match, which I hoped I might be sent to cover by a benevolent employer. We were going to lose, that's certain, but I was looking forward so keenly to the battle of wits which must have ensued between Cotton and the Americans. Many years ago he risked several hundred pounds of his own money—he hadn't got so much in those days—to make a tour in the United States. He "broke even" on the financial side, but the experience, he has often told me, was worth more than he could calculate. He makes no secret of the fact that it was not wholly enjoyable. For this and other reasons I think he might have made a brilliant captain—but, alas! we shall never know.

Another outing of which I shall not readily forgive this ridiculous house-painter for depriving me is the annual visit of the Old Carthusians to Mr. Halford Hewitt's lovely old place, Hardwick Manor, near Bury St. Edmunds. Here is the very heart of England, and in the early October sunshine it makes one thankful to be alive. First the drive down across Newmarket Heath, and then each day a cross-country drive to Mildenhall and all the sentimental memories it recalls to anyone who spent four impressionable years at Cambridge.



PLAYING THE GOLF GAME IN GULMARG

The winner and the runner-up for the Civil Service Cup, prominently displayed in the picture. Mr. S. M. Scott (left) won it, beating Mr. Archibald Gifford Scott, 3 and 2, in the final. Gulmarg is one of those fairyland places which inspired Laurence Hope, the lady who wrote "Pale Hands" and so forth

# GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## PWLLHELI GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

The Pwllheli Golf Club has been going since 1900 and now counts some 200 members. The foundation of the course dates back further than this, however, as the firm which at the end of last century set out to develop the delightful fishing village of Pwllheli into a seaside resort, saw the importance of a golf course to their scheme and commissioned Tom Morris, of Hoylake, to transform a stretch of sandy turf to the west of the new town into a nine-hole course. In 1908 the club decided to expand, and James Braid was responsible for the present lay-out. The new course was opened by Mr. David Lloyd George in 1909. It is comparatively short (5484 yards), but abounds in natural hazards with the result that a very sporting game is achieved with little need for man-made bunkers. Sands, whins, rushes, banks and trees take their place in a truly natural course



## LUCKY EIRE—THE LIMERICK HORSE SHOW



ADVANCING ON THE POSITION: MISS DOREEN O'BRIEN, MISS DAISY TUCKER AND LADY OLEIN WYNDHAM-QUIN



PRINCE D'ARDIA CARACCILO, MADAM FITZGERALD AND DAUGHTER; (AT BACK) MR. AND MRS. CLEEVE AND PRINCESS D'ARDIA CARACCILO



MRS. P. FITZGERALD AND LORD ADARE



Photos: O'Brien

MR. AND MRS. GRAHAM TOLER WITH LADY MUSKERRY



LADY DUNALLEY AND MRS. DACRES DIXON

The sun shone, the summer breezes blew, and Eire was not at war as we in this other island are, and yet there is a trace of thoughtfulness on some faces, even in the case of Lord Adare, one of the cheeriest of souls from 12th Lancer days onward. He is one of Ireland's leading breeders of bloodstock and, incidentally, one of the few men with a really good leg for a Jodhpur. Lady Olein Wyndham-Quin is Lord Adare's sister. Princess D'Ardia Caracciolo is a daughter of Madame Fitzgerald, whose husband is the twenty-eighth Knight of Glin - Desmond Windham Otho Fitzgerald. Lord Dunalley, whose wife is in one of the pictures, was a Rifleman in younger days, and finished his service as a Major in the Rifle Brigade. His elder son and heir is in the R.B., but at present serving under the Colonial Office somewhere abroad



Stag



Party



It is a party where men are men and the whisky is Johnnie Walker. This is a whisky which has all the virtues, just as it has *all* the finest whiskies of Scotland in its blend. Over a century's accumulated skill goes to combine these whiskies in perfect harmony. The result is the smoothest and most satisfying drink a man could ask for. The blending does it!

*Gentlemen!*  
your **Johnnie Walker** —



Born 1820  
—still going  
strong





*"What's yours?"*

It's a WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE

THE MAN'S CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE



*Yevonde, Berkeley Square*

THE VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH—

—AND HER DAUGHTER, THE HON. CAROLINE THYNNE

The most recent portrait of the former Hon. Daphne Vivian, daughter of Major Lord Vivian by his first marriage. Lady Weymouth married the Marquess of Bath's only son and heir in 1927 and there are three sons, all younger than their only sister, who was born in 1928. Lord Vivian is in the reserve of officers, Cavalry, and was in a very famous Lancer regiment. Lord Weymouth is a captain in a Yeomanry unit and was the Member for the Frome Division of Somerset up till 1935



BIARRITZ AND BISCAY'S  
BEST OZONE

MRS. THEODORE LIGHTER, MR. WILLY BLECK, AND SEÑORITA DE VILLAPECELLIN



MRS. IAN CAMPBELL AND H.S.H. FÜRST EDUARD VON LOBKOWICZ



MRS. O'MALLEY-KEYES, MISS MARIANNE DAVIES, AND MR. EDDY STERN



MRS. EVERARD GATES, HER SON, CHRISTOPHER WILLS, AND ALFONSO DE PORTAGO



LORD MICHELHAM AND MISS LINDA GRAHAM SUN-BATHING



MR. EVERARD GATES, MISS TILLA HARVEY, AND MR. ROBERT WILEY

At the time all these sunny pictures were taken at a place where perhaps the best ozone in the world is on tap, things international looked almost smiling and gay to what they do at the moment of going to press! A complete catalogue of pedigrees and performances of all the charming people here portrayed is not quite feasible owing to the limitations of space, but amongst those prominently present, as may be said, are a future Duchess of Argyll, Mrs. Ian Campbell, the former Miss Louise Clews, of New York, seen talking to a representative of a princely Bohemian house. Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, widow of a former Galway Blazers Master, the late Colonel O'Malley-Keyes, is one of the most popular hostesses on both the Silver and Golden Coasts. The picture was snapped in the *Chambre d'Amour* bar, and Miss Marianne Davies, who is also in it, is the American torch-singer. Mr. Everard Gates, whose wife, with her son by her former marriage, is also in this page, is the North Country millionaire.

Lord Michelham, seen with a very attractive sun-bathing partner, is, in addition to his own title, a Baron of Portugal



# AT NORTH BERWICK

Before the German Bogey started  
his last round



BARON AND BARONESS GEOFFREY DE  
WALDNER AND MME. WALLICH



A LITTLE WATER-NYMPH:  
THE HON. SARA LONG



MRS. ROBIN BUSHMAN AND THE HON.  
MRS. DAVID HELY-HUTCHINSON



LADY KNOLLYS AND HER SON, THE HON.  
DAVID KNOLLYS, AND THE HON. ESMÉ GLYN



THE DUKE OF ST. ALBANS AND  
GEN. THE HON. ROGER BRAND



MISS BEATRICE GROSVENOR AND  
LADY LONG OF WRAXALL

Photos.: Balmain

All these pictures were collected at the best of all Borderland golfing fastnesses, sea-breezy North Berwick, just before Hitler's war, and, like the rest of the inhabitants of this land, everyone was driving and putting quite unruffled. As to a few quite personal remarks, Mme. Wallich is a former girl golf champion and will be remembered by golfing history experts as Miss Diana Esmond; the Baroness Geoffrey de Waldner was Miss Lulu Esmond. The lady who makes such a pretty picture on the edge of the briny is Lord and Lady Long of Wraxall's only child, and her mother is in one of the pictures at the bottom playing a round with Miss Beatrice Grosvenor, a daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor and Lady Dorothy Charteris, who married, *en secondes nocces*, the Hon. Sir Evan Charteris. Mrs. Robin Bushman's husband is a captain in the Grenadiers, and Mrs. Hely-Hutchinson married Lord Donoughmore's younger son. Lady Knollys, completing her son's toilet, is partnered by Lord Wolverton's younger sister. The Duke of St. Albans' partner, General the Hon. Roger Brand, used to be in the Rifle Brigade and is Lord Hampden's youngest brother



## WARTIME à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

I DO not often carry a copy of *The Daily Worker* to the stalls of a theatre; but I bought one *en route* for the last first-night in London before the latest Great War arrived. Because of this, it was the only occasion since the old Empire promenade closed when I was accosted in the theatre by a strange young woman. "Oh, please!" she said, stopping me with one white hand and taking the paper with the other. For on that day the outward and visible terms of the deal done secretly by Hitler with Stalin had been made known; and she, like myself, wanted to know how the official organ of the so bellicose Communists was taking it. So I showed her the broad, black headline—"Stalin's Great Peace Move"; and she said she doubted whether anything in the evening's farce, *Spotted Dick*, would be as comic and peculiar as this.

She was right. This unlucky piece by Mr. Ben Travers was funny in frequent parts; particularly so in the Rugger scrum whereby the whole cast rushed around tackling each other, so as to grab the usual bundle of stolen jewels; greatly so when Mr. Robertson Hare found himself, as always, detrousered. But nothing—not even Mr. Hare hiding his suspenders and his patches of nakedness behind a car rug, or protesting, "Oh dear, this is all very peaceless!", or telling a sleeping bully just what he would like to say to the bully awake—was as sublimely odd as the Nazi-Comintern contortionists in aid of the Russo-German pact.

It was less odd, because more familiar, that the crowd should thus roar with laughter at the bullying on the stage of a small, bald-headed man; though the same people had by now made up their minds to resist the further bullying by a big, blustering nation of the smaller ones. But there—tastes in the theatre often run to opposites: the kindest women and men adore to see a clown falling crack on his red nose, whereas those who in life are shrews or bullies are apt to prefer grossly sentimental fare in the theatre. For the rest, *Spotted Dick* deserved better luck than four hilarious nights, and then a relentless black-out. It would have done particularly well in wartime. Like a *Little Bit of Fluff* in 1916 and '17, it would have helped to release tension and keep easy laughter alive. Without being art, or even specially good farce, it is the stuff to give most of the troops in their off-moments. I hope that it, and the rest of the comic theatre, will after all be permitted to play a part in London's wartime scene; and that if they do not, Mr. Basil Dean will include plenty of farce, and in particular Messrs. Leslie Henson, Robertson Hare and the other professional comics who specialise in being bullied, among the Entertainments à la Carte which he is organising for the camps and places where they march, steam or fly to war.

Laughter, however, would stay alive even though the professionals of laughter were not seen in the flesh for months or years, and made contact with their public only in turns heard at random between one batch of wireless news and the next. To laugh while death hovers and discomfort abounds is native to the English in the wartime of any period.

Already there is almost enough for an anthology

of salty sayings by militiamen, A.R.P. men, and the rest, including the average Everyman. One, in my experience, came from a taxi-driver. My last visit to a public entertainment (if you can apply the word to *Professor Mamlock*, the film of Nazi persecution, horribly horrific, which was made in Moscow before Moscow and Berlin exchanged Heils) was on the first evening of unlighted streets. The driver took us most carefully along the pavement-edge of Piccadilly, until we passed half-right across the roundabout at Hyde Park Corner. The cab then swerved quickly, avoiding a sudden something that loomed across our bows, climbed on to the refuge, and jerked to rest five yards from the base of the Artillery Memorial. The taxi-man got out, shone his torch on the approaching policeman, and said: "I don't like this bloody war nearly as much as the last one."

The builders are still building, in what, at the time of writing, hardly seems to have become real wartime, an extension on the low roof outside my office. I asked the foreman when the hammering was likely to stop. He promised, "Well, the carpenters'll finish by Monday, the slaters by Thursday, and the floorers by the week-end. Then it'll be ready for the Hitlers." I said I hoped we shouldn't be bombed as soon as all that, especially as no sandbags could be got for a week. "No," he explained, "you've got me wrong. You know—Hitlers—house-painters. Only ours aren't looney."

Further upon the subject of this man Hitler, history has provided a comic item that surpasses in wild extravagance anything made up by an ordinary human being. You have read, I suppose, the White Paper containing the correspondence between ourselves and Germany, while we still hoped for sanity and peace? Then perhaps you picked out, for framing in gold, this superb passage from the text of a communication given by Hitler in person, Bombastes Furioso himself, to Sir Neville Henderson on August 25th:

"The Fuehrer is, however, prepared and determined to approach England once more with a large, comprehensive offer. He is a man of great decisions, and in this case also he will be capable of being great in his action. *He accepts the British Empire, and is ready to pledge himself personally for its continued existence and to place the power of the German Reich at its disposal, if . . .*" (the italics are mine, but it would be just as gorgeous, so pathological and megalomaniac, without them).

As the rhyme in "Through the Looking Glass" nearly said:

But he was very proud  
and stiff;  
He said, "I would accept  
you, if—"

And here are some couplets from the same verse:

"I sent a message to the  
fish:  
I told them, 'This is what  
I wish' . . .  
I sent to them again to  
say  
'It will be better to  
obey' . . .  
And when I found the door  
was shut,  
I tried to turn the handle,  
but—"

The personage who recited this, "raising his voice almost to a scream," was Humpty Dumpty. The fall will happen with a big, loud bang.



THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

An attractive (!) group of chorus girls, members of the cast, and theatre staff at the Windmill doing a bit of gas-mask drill under direction of A.R.P. wardens

# Spotted Dick

Will repeat later



ROBERTSON HARE, ALFRED  
DRAYTON AND JOYCE BARBOUR  
AS CHARLIE, NORTON PLUMB  
AND BELLE PLUMB

If only certain not-quite-unforeseen circumstances had not intervened, Ben Travers' very latest farce would have been just the thing any doctor would have ordered. It was a sheer delight to everyone who saw it at the Strand Theatre, and as it has only been put into cold storage until the temperature gets a bit lower, many of us will see it again. Josephine Travers, who is in the cast and seen below, is a daughter of the author



PATRICK BARR AND CARLA  
LEHMANN AS MIKE AND  
PATRICIA



CONSTANCE LORNE AS PENNY  
McGUFFIE



GUY MIDDLETON AS GURNEY



JOSEPHINE TRAVERS AS  
QUEENIE DEED



# PRISCILLA IN PARIS

**T**RÈS CHER.—Current events are happening so quickly, and so much time elapses between the writing and the reading of this page that maybe we shall be "boiling our kettles in what used to be Potsdam" before you get this. That was the way we predicted things in 1914. We expected the war to be "over by Christmas" in those far-away days; now, although we have no doubt as to the ultimate triumph of right and decency, we are inclined to believe that the settling of accounts will be a long affair. Let us hope that, as regards the duration of our troubles, we are as mistaken in our predictions for 1939 as we were for 1914. As I write this, on the first day of the French *mobilisation générale*, the sun is shining down on the well-watered lawn of the peaceful garden below my windows, and there is not even the usual faint, far-away hum of the Paris streets. The sky is serene and, from the top floor of the house, of which many of the attic rooms are let to working people of the artisan class, comes the placid cooing of doves.

It is difficult to reconcile this state of affairs with the headlines of the daily Press and the mascot-to-tail-light, three abreast procession of cars that are leaving Paris by all the main arteries (except towards the west and north), and that have left the rest of the city so deserted. Werry right and proper, too, and I am all for getting the women and children away. Rather a job, however. Not the mass evacuation, of course, for that was an official and well-organised affair. It is the stragglers that have given so much trouble, and been such cause for anxiety. The foolish mothers that waited too long and decided at the last moment; or the merely unlucky ones, that have been delayed by illness. Old cars—too old to be requisitioned—then had their little hour of glory. Half-a-dozen such vehicles of—er—*démodé* vintage (I refuse to describe my loyal "Miss Chrysler, 1924" as anything else than slightly *démodé* as to aspect!), forgathered yesterday at one of the Croix Rouge centres and were despatched in various directions. To our lot fell a charming and very lovely young *créole*—embossed by imminent motherhood—and her young children, one of which, a two-year-old, in a high fever. She had been told to be ready by three o'clock, but the Red Cross official had forgotten the extra margin of time needed for a naturally indolent young woman to even get started with her packing. Howsumever, by five o'clock I had managed to persuade her to empty the heavy trunk she wanted to take and pack the mere necessities in old pillow-slips.

By the way, when doing what one might call "emergency" packing it is better to put the hard things in the middle of the bundle, which can be then sat on in comfort. We were half-way to Chartres before my young woman avowed her discomfort, and we stopped to re-pack. I hope that the Louis XVth heel of the absurd sandal she had elected to take while I was dressing one of the brats, won't be stamped on any part of the anatomy of the new baby! The village of Brou, on the south-south-eastern side of Chartres, is one of the beauty spots of l'Eure-et Loire. But, arriving after dark, I fear I was unappreciative. The inhabitants, however, are the most helpful and kindest souls I have come across in



Voinquel

## SMILING THROUGH: MAURICE CHEVALIER AND MARIE DEA

Maurice Chevalier's foreign legion of admirers over here need not be disturbed by the fact that his new film, *Piégés (Trapped)*, lives up to its name by being, at least in part, all tragic and thrilling. The all-dancing, all-singing, all-smiling star will, as you can see above, not be wholly bereft of his gay old personality. Interest will be added to the film by a very interesting-looking new leading lady, Marie Dea, who has staked out a claim in the public's heart

whiles. The woman who was to take in my young refugees, not having received the letter confirming their arrival, had made arrangements with some other people . . . but when she saw my car-load she lost her heart to the piccaninnies, and, stowing her own considerable family of five three and two in a bed, made room for everybody. The feverish two-year-old seemed to have been cured by the trip. She had been wrapped up so warmly on the seat by me that she slept without stirring, and sweated out all the fever, so that it was a somewhat limp but cool-limbed baby that was put into a market-basket by its mother's bed. The drive back to Paris would have been rather lovely under the full moon, if the ceaseless procession of outgoing cars had not spoiled the night with their quite unnecessary headlights. I welcomed, therefore, what would otherwise have been an annoying contretemps when the M.P. turned me off the main road at Rambouillet and sent me back by the round-about way of Chevreuse.

The roads out of the city were blocked solid and people going up to Paris would have been ditched. After Versailles, the worst of the rush was over. But only town lights, dimmed, were allowed. A pleasant change after the glaring of those infernal *phares* during the earlier part of the night. It was curious to see the goods and chattels piled on to the cars I crossed in the day-time. Mattresses I can understand, but sewing machines must be most uncomfortable to travel with.

I may have more experience of what the average woman prizes most by next week, for I have just received the ultimatum from the kitchen that the servants refuse to remain in Paris. I have given them half an hour to pack and made the offer of driving them to the Farm. Since my stable-mate is somewhere in the Vosges, and I intend to return here, I shall feel more free without the incubus of a staff. . . . Besides, the Skye will be safer down there.—PRISCILLA.

# HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT



ANNA NEAGLE AT SUPPER WITH SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE



WILLIAM HAINES AND VIRGINIA PINE



JOAN CRAWFORD WITH CHARLES MARTIN AT THE THEATRE



VIRGINIA FIELDS AND HAL ROACH, JR.

Photos.: Hyman Fink

Hollywood is one of those places where, be we told never so often that a star's life is not a happy one and that they have to be on the set at six ack emma, the night lights always seem to burn brightly for bright people, and a photographic tour can be reckoned to bring the flashlight on interesting people like these. Anna Neagle's new film, *Nurse Cavell*, is a singularly appropriate subject in times like these, and by all advance reports we are to see a very moving representation of a very moving story. Here Anna is seen in gayer mood with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, one of the British stage and screen's most distinguished representatives at present "on the other side," recalling the gay days when he was the Merry Monarch and she his Nell Gwynn. They have evidently forgiven or forgotten the American Puritanism which refused to allow the film to end with Nell happy. Virginia Fields is in the cast of David Niven's coming film, *Eternally Yours*, playing the part of stage partner to the Great Arturo, fascinating young illusionist, which is a new sort of a part for Niven. The name of Roach is one of the oldest of the Hollywood behind-the-screen attractions, and the family are very much in the news nowadays; for *Captain Fury*, recently shown at the London Pavilion, gave Hal junior's sister Margaret her first featured rôle, and was directed by their mutual father





## A CORNER OF "THIS ENGLAND"

This beautiful picture of Tremadoc Bay and the Snowdon range, taken from Harlech Cliff, is of a National Trust property, and therefore inviolate for the use and delight of his Majesty's lieges throughout all time. Harlech Castle stands on the cliff on the extreme right of the picture, and



## WHICH WE LOVE SO MUCH "

*J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.*

Snowdon is the shapely coned peak in the far distance. The grim old Castle, a strong point, was a Lancastrian fortress during the Wars of the Roses, and its capture by the Yorkists in 1468 was the occasion for the famous and very martial song "The March of the Men of Harlech"





Truman Howell

## THE ROYAL DEVONSHIRE YEOMANRY IN CAMP SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

One of the many former cavalry regiments which some time ago became a mechanised gunner regiment and, like so many more of its kind, is busy making history in a drama the author of which is not exactly the best-liked man on the earth. Lord Fortescue, the Hon. Colonel, used to be in the Greys, and Major Derick Heathcoat-Amory is joint-Master of the Tiverton, and 2nd Lieut. Chamberlain is a kinsman of the Premier

The full tally of the names in the group is: (seated) Captain D. F. B. Stucley, Captain L. W. Bennet, Major G. S. Ingleton-Webber, Major J. K. La T. Mardon, Lieut.-Colonel E. W. Seymour, T.D., Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. D. G. Fortescue, M.C., T.D. (C.O.), Captain R. A. V. Crawford (Adj.), Major A. W. Acland, M.C., T.D., Major D. Heathcoat-Amory, M.F.H., Captain J. A. R. Garratt, Captain C. Chichester, Captain H. E. Small; (centre row) Lieut. P. G. Heathcoat-Amory, Lieut. A. D. Stoddart, Lieut. C. C. Mallock, Lieut. A. Chichester, 2nd Lieuts. C. A. G. Moore, E. Rogers, J. H. White-Abbott, J. M. Hepburn, R. Sharpley, Lieut. E. B. Jenkins, Captain H. C. Molesworth-St. Aubyn, Captain B. J. Harper, Captain K. F. Saunders, R.A.M.C., and Lieut. and Q.-M. M. F. B. McGuire; (back row) 2nd Lieuts. J. G. Carew, G. R. Smyth-Richards, P. Chamberlain, F. H. Long, Captain J. N. Welch-Thornton, 2nd Lieuts. M. D. Worthington-Jones, A. F. Kitson, B. P. Tebbutt, J. L. Ellicombe, E. F. Heathcoat-Amory, H. L. F. Bucknell, P. Campbell-White, T. R. Penny, J. K. Hassell and E. S. Shapley

A LITTLE war problem of the moment: supposing you were a bookmaker who had overlaid your book over a big race upon which there was a good deal of ante-post betting, what would you do if you were *any* kind of a bookmaker and not just a public philanthropist? Would you not try to lay some of it off? And if and when you did this, would you not try to place it with people who might pay you if they lost? I suggest that the problem is a bit apposite and worthy of the attention of the gentleman who has just started a new proprietary brand in wars. Napoleon, of course, had his war named after him by other people: "Hit" has pegged out his own claim in advance. Some-

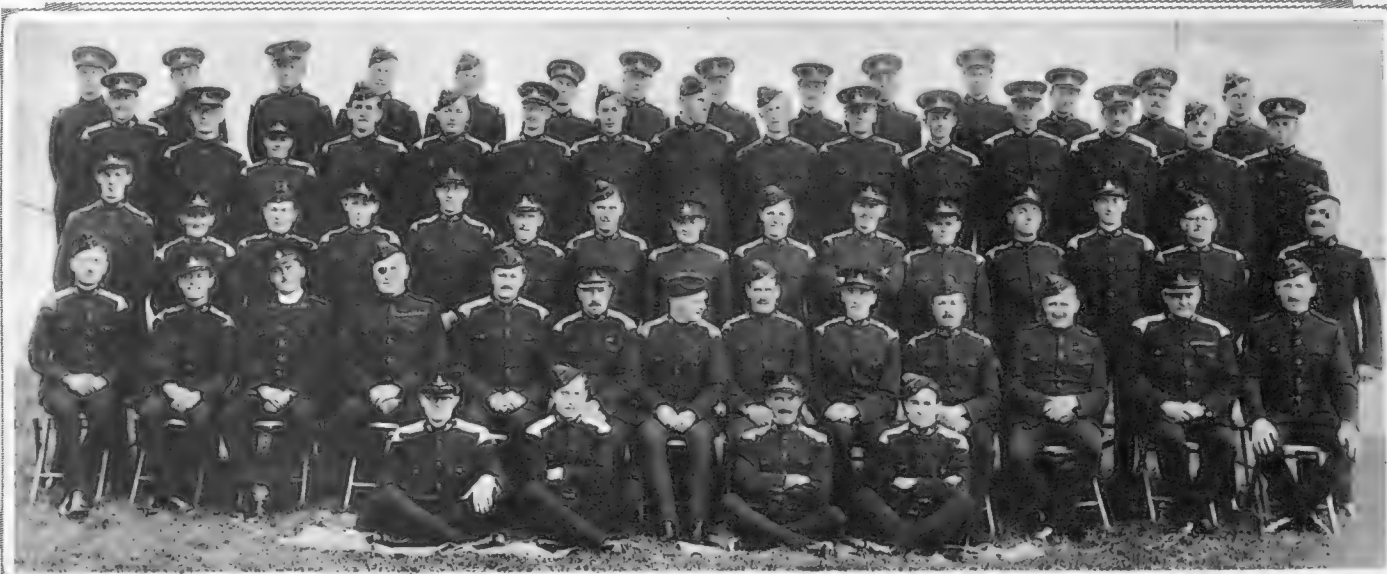
of us think it is a bit bumptious of him. It might just happen that it will be a "Miss," or what they call very aptly and picturesquely on the stage, a flop.

## Pictures in the Fire

In view of the oft-repeated assertion by the German manglers of history that in 1914 that country was the only one unprepared for war, and that she was encircled by a pack of bloodthirsty enemies

armed to the teeth, the moment is deemed to be apposite to publish some few extracts from a book called "Deductions from the World War," written by the most distinguished soldier-writer of Prussia, Lieut.-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, and published just before the great German offensive of 1918 when that country was very cocksure of a victory that would divide the allied armies and pulverise them in detail—the main object, of course, of all good generals.

The first extract is perhaps the most interesting because of the

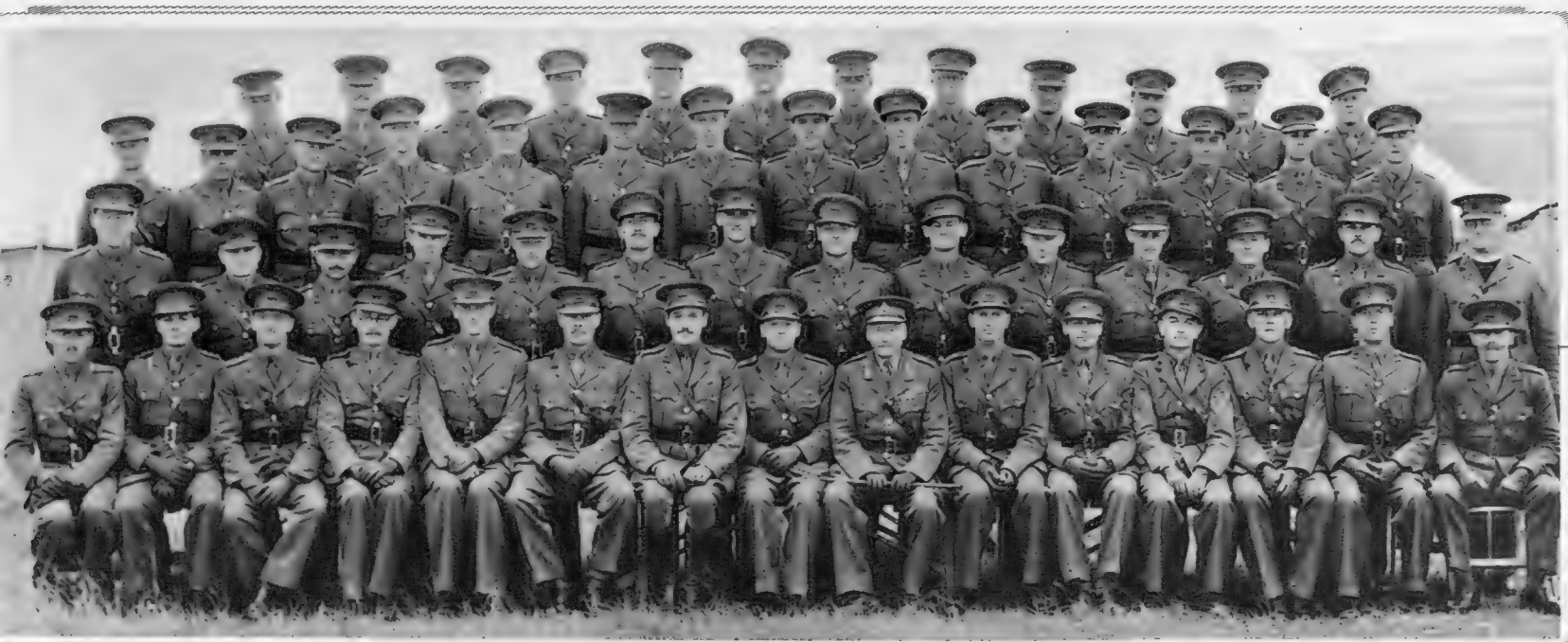


Truman Howell

## THE HERTFORDSHIRE YEOMANRY SOMEWHERE ELSE IN ENGLAND

Another formerly horsed regiment which, probably to its regret, was converted to Bang Boys. The C.O., Lieut.-Colonel Sir Patrick Coghill, is a regular Gunner and was on the Reserve, where no one now is

The full list of names is: (in front) 2nd Lieuts. R. M. Pryor, R. S. W. Higgins, J. Carew-Jones, P. Thorp; (seated) Captain T. P. Halford-Thompson; Captain G. Keane, Captain the Rev. C. T. R. C. Perowne, Lieut.-Colonel E. C. Charles, Captain J. E. Buxton, Major J. B. Morgan-Smith, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Patrick Coghill, Bart. (C.O.), Captain R. D. Cribb, Captain T. R. B. Sanders, Captain J. L. Stephenson, Captain R. C. Morris, R.A.M.C., Major J. Knox, H.A.C., Captain H. R. R. Prior, R.A. (Adj.); (second row, up) Lieut. D. W. Cherry, Lieut. and Q.-M. P. E. Felstead, Lieut. A. R. Gardner, Lieut. K. S. King, Captain P. C. Crick, Captain W. E. Boyes, Captain F. W. Wootton, Captain E. D. Wells, Captain J. M. Neal, 2nd Lieut. P. K. Laing, Lieut. J. P. Deacon, Lieut. J. A. Briggs, 2nd Lieuts. W. Anderson, D. G. Viney, S. Egar; (third row, up) 2nd Lieuts. O. H. Daltry, H. W. Bees, M. A. Crick, H. G. Morgan, M. J. W. Russell, H. W. Norman, S. D. Ferry, H. A. R. Powell, the Hon. G. A. R. Hay, D. G. A. Turner, Lieut. M. F. Berry, 2nd Lieuts. A. J. J. Cory-Wright, H. S. Dearden, E. B. Marsh, M. Cory-Wright; (fourth row, top) 2nd Lieuts. P. A. Turner, R. T. West, H. Peacock, D. C. McClintock, M. R. Norman, K. G. Swann, E. G. Scammell, R. A. P. Woodbridge, L. Butler-Henderson, R. Smyth, A. C. Humbert, Lord de Ramsey, W. R. Horberry, C. V. Walkerley



Avery

#### THE OFFICERS, NTH BATTALION THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT, WITH SIR WALTER KIRKE

This group is rendered the more interesting by the fact that included in it is the newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces, General Sir Walter Kirke. This Battalion has since been split up into two

The names in the group are: (front row, l. to r.) Captain A. G. Neale, Captain P. Jobson, R.A.M.C., Captain N. Riches, Captain H. B. Watson, Captain R. E. Clarke, Major L. C. East (Adj.), the Rt. Hon. Sir R. H. Dorman-Smith, M.P. (Hon. Colonel), Lieut.-Colonel G. V. Palmer, General Sir Walter M. St. G. Kirke, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Hon. Colonel), Lieut.-Colonel A. F. F. Young, Captain T. Fetherstonhaugh (Adj.), Major G. Baker, Capt. Lord Sysonby, Captain T. S. Hall, R.A.M.C., Captain J. W. M. Mansel; (second row, up) Captain A. R. Wise, M.P., 2nd Lieuts. J. A. Lampard, J. F. L. Clarke, J. F. Mawe, R. O. Jenkins, Lieut. J. W. E. Blanch, 2nd Lieut. J. Dewsnap, Lieut. G. J. S. Chatterton, 2nd Lieuts. D. U. Clarke, A. U. Clarke, J. N. Leuchars, M. Illingworth, Lieut. F. C. Edwards, the Rev. H. Boylette Stewart, C.F.; (third row, up) 2nd Lieut. R. L. Hopkins, Lieut. P. G. Smith, Lieut. E. P. Collins, 2nd Lieuts. R. A. F. Johnston, J. F. Carrull, Lieut. A. H. Smith, 2nd Lieuts. R. F. H. Cowan, J. M. C. Parry, A. D. E. Mure, E. B. Neal, N. A. Oswald, H. C. Carpenter, H. L. Chase, P. E. Nesbitt; (fourth row, top) 2nd Lieuts. J. Kettle, K. C. Briscoe, E. B. G. Clowes, Lieut. J. Chaldecott, 2nd Lieuts. H. R. N. Rickett, R. F. G. Barlow, M. A. Berdow-Wilkinson, J. T. Salmon, A. R. Rees-Reynolds, R. C. Hodgins, Lieut. R. L. Moore

#### By "SABRETACHE"

admission made concerning sea-power. The German High Seas Fleet was then still in being.

it will only be by this might that we shall be able to safeguard our peace in the future.

"We misconstrue reality if we imagine that it is possible to rid the world of war by means of mutual agreements. Such agreements will, in the future as in the past, be concluded from time to time between States. The further development of international courts of arbitration, and the elimination of many causes of dispute by their agency, lies within the realm of possibility, but any such agreements will after all only be treaties which will not on every occasion be capable of holding in check the forces seething within the States. Therefore, the idea of a universal league for the preservation of peace remains a Utopia, and would be felt as an intolerable tutelage by any great and proud-spirited nation.

"We find it impossible to believe in the realisation of genuine pacifist ideals, such as are cherished by well-meaning sentimentalists."

Von Freytag-Loringhoven wrote:

"Moreover, world-power is inconceivable without striving for expression of power in the world and consequently for sea-power. But this involves the constant existence of a large number of potential causes of friction. Hence arises the necessity for adequate armaments on land and sea."

It is, after this, possible to quote almost at random.

"War has its basis in human nature, and as long as human nature remains unaltered, war will continue to exist, as it has existed already for thousands of years. The often-quoted saying of Moltke that wars are inhuman, but eternal peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream, will continue to be true."

"A long peace, such as that which preceded the World War, had frequently caused us to overlook the fact that it was not the fine phrases about international bliss and brotherhood uttered on every possible occasion at public meetings which preserved us from war, but the might of our sword, which was only fully revealed on the outbreak of war. [And yet they ask us to believe that Germany was not ready!—"S."] And



Truman Howell

#### THE C.O. AND OFFICERS, THE NTH BATTALION ROYAL TANK REGIMENT

This unit used to be the Westminster Dragoons, but has been in its present "dragon" shape for quite a long time. Lord Howard de Walden is the Hon. Colonel, and his son the Hon. John Scott-Ellis is a subaltern in it. This regiment has a grand war record behind it and will surely add to it in the new Hitler War

The names above are: (seated, l. to r.) Captain F. D. Corbin, Major L. M. McCulloch, Major R. W. Hellis, M.B.E., T.D. (Second in Command), Lieut.-Colonel E. Munt, M.C. (C.O.), Captain C. W. M. Timmis (Adj.), Captain S. H. Moore, Captain R. A. Kinnersly; (standing) Lieut. and Q.-M. W. C. Packham, Lieut. B. A. Wallace, Lieut. F. S. Kendall, 2nd Lieuts. G. F. Walker, O. S. Doulton, J. S. Barclay, N. A. Smith, R. S. S. Allen, Lieut. the Hon. John Scott-Ellis, Captain T. G. Armstrong, R.A.M.C., 2nd Lieuts. M. J. Crostwaite, D. S. Marsh, Captain H. V. Frazer



## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

HE was a prize-fighter who won his last bout many years ago; he entered a barber's shop and sat himself in a chair. A newly-hired barber fitted an apron around the boxer—and then studied the bushy head of hair that hung practically to his shoulders.

"Hair-cut and shave?" asked the barber politely.

"No hair-cut," growled the boxer. "Just a shave."

The proprietor hurried over.

"You fool!" he whispered to the new employee, "you should never ask that man if he wants a hair-cut. That's Horizontal Shor, the fighter."

The new barber appeared flustered.

"B-but look at that crop of hair," he stammered. "That man certainly needs a hair-cut."

The proprietor grunted.

"Sure he needs a hair-cut," he admitted, "but if he gets one, what's he gonna use for a cushion when he hits the floor?"

\* \* \*

A teacher had explained to his pupils all about a British consulate, and to find out whether or not they understood, he asked:

"If someone carried you off in an aeroplane, and thousands of miles away in a foreign country, what place would you seek out first of all?"

One bright boy answered immediately.

"Please, sir, the hospital!" came the unexpected reply.

\* \* \*

"Yes, old man," said the meek-looking little man, "I took your advice and told my wife straight out that she couldn't hen-peck me any more."

His friend patted him on the back.

"Splendid!" he said. "Now you can hold your head up."

The little man winced.

"Yes," he replied doubtfully, "but it's still pretty sore and bruised."

\* \* \*

The commercial traveller entered the business house. He was confronted by a very junior clerk. The traveller looked him over haughtily.

"I'd like to see someone with a little authority," he remarked.

"Well, what can I do for you?" replied the boy calmly.

"I've about as little authority as anybody here."

\* \* \*

The professor was looking over his notes preparatory to beginning the lecture. The hall was crowded, and two undergraduates were heatedly discussing politics in one corner.

Suddenly one of them turned to the other and said loudly: "Well, of all the craziest, stupid fools I've ever met—you take the cake!"

Just then the professor took his seat and, banging on the desk, said sharply: "Excuse me, gentlemen, you forget that I am in the room."

The mighty engines of the liner throbbed ceaselessly. The chief engineer wiped a damp forehead and scowled at the young man with the oil-can.

"Look here," he growled, "you aren't helping me much with these engines, yet you said you knew something about the game."

"So I do," replied the other, "but on a smaller scale, you know."

"What's your usual job?"

"Watch repairing!"

\* \* \*

Two Scotsmen had ventured into the wilds, and what they lacked in experience they made up for in zeal.

On their first night in the jungle the dismal howling of a wolf disturbed their rest. Presently Macpherson rose to his feet, seized his rifle, and said: "Ah'll bet you an ounce of tobacco I kill that darned wolf!"

Some time later he returned, dragging a dead wolf. MacTavish grudgingly parted with an ounce of tobacco, and they settled down again.

Just before dawn another howl rent the air. MacTavish nudged his companion. "Give me that tobacco back. Ye've killed the wrang one!"

\* \* \*

A coloured boy was taking a stroll through a cemetery, and reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. He came to one which declared:

"Not dead, but sleeping."

After contemplating the phrase for a moment, and scratching his head, the negro exclaimed:

"He sure ain't foolin' no one body but hisself."

\* \* \*

It was just three o'clock in the morning. The reveller tottered up to a house and banged on the door. An extremely sleepy tenant opened it.

"Yes?" he yawned.

The drunk reached into his pocket and drew out a leather case. He extracted a card and handed it with a flourish to the sleepy householder. "My card, sir," he bowed.

The card was completely blank. The other man turned it over and looked up in perplexity.

"Look here, my good man," he said, "it's three o'clock in the morning. Just what do you want?"

The reveller smiled.

"Nothing," he replied politely; "nothing at all."

"You don't want anything?" ejaculated the dazed tenant. "Then what's the idea of handing me this card?"

"Oh, that's quite all right," he explained. "I've got plenty more!"



"That's Hepplewhite, sir."

"Pleased to meet thee, lad."





"... AND THIS, MY DEAR, IS THE WHOLE POINT!

I quite agree that, in the past, I have enthused over the loveliness of certain stockings. You know only too well that I've gone quite crackers over the wearing qualities of others... but believe me, my angel, never, until now, have I ever found all the blessed virtues cunningly concealed in one pair of stockings. Maybe I am talking like the

travelling salesman to the farmer's daughter... but it is a relief to find Sy-metra... such lovely stockings that are really conscientious."

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TRUE FASHIONED PURE SILK STOCKINGS  
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BICYCLE MADE FOR TWO

Our Mr. Winn was taking a rest from tennis when he was photographed on this modern version of Daisy's mount. This is very much a "Tatler" picture; for Mr. Peter Stewart, who is piloting the left-hand department of this sociable machine, is the brother of Oliver Stewart, who writes our "Air Eddies" and does it so very well

THIS page used to be called "Lawn Tennis." Was it last week, or was it a century ago? All the same, I couldn't help laughing just now. As I came in and started to peel off my A.F.S. overalls, I found on the hall-table an entry form for my home club members' tournament at Melbury. It's always held the same week as Gleneagles, and in the past I have always been sorry about the clash. But now I don't know which seems furthest away, for they are both hopelessly out of bounds at the moment where we are all concerned. Maybe, next year . . . if all goes well.

I think it's important to believe in a to-morrow, not only for the kids who were evacuated so miraculously without a single casualty, but also for ourselves. For the first two days everything went numb, and my brain wouldn't function. My sanity and my reasoning powers returned during the first air-raid warning. By that time I had tried to join up as a despatch-rider, and was at the Fire Brigade Headquarters over on Lambeth Bridge. As we all made for the basement, I deliberately strolled along, because I wanted to test my nerves. Suddenly a voice behind me roared out: "Now then—at the double—pick 'em up!" Whereupon I sprinted good and proper. I don't know why that tiny incident, with its ironic comment upon the eternal flux of human intercourse, should have become a landmark for me in this strange new world. But it has. And, what's more, I am certain of one thing. Before it's a brave new world again, we shall every one of us have to take a good many jolts that are going to do us a surprising lot of good. Especially the members of my generation. They died that we lived, through inevitable repetition, became too much of a tag too early in our childish existence for it ever to have much reality in the years of our maturity. In consequence, the locust years, when our youth, because a whole generation had been killed off, was priced at a fantastic premium, lasted too long. I don't say that we were degenerate, but we were certainly spoon-fed and damnably insolent. It is only in the last three years or so that there have been signs of an awakening, a sudden burgeoning in awareness of our responsibility to carry aloft the torch, to carry on the tradition that has made our Empire the greatest and the most honourable in the world.

Words, words again, and, in a way, words have lost their savour. It was that which made me try to enrol as

# OFF THE COURTS

By GODFREY WINN

a despatch-rider, the boredom of sitting at a desk in front of a typewriter when other men were doing things. But after two days, when it was proved impossible for me to enlist at present for a whole-time job, they were decent enough to transfer me so that I can despatch now, with my car, and learn sufficient—why did we wait so long?—to make reports and carry messages from station to station when the raids begin in real earnest. Now is the interlude, though before these words appear in print, the black-out at night may be darker still with the wings of the invaders. For those who will defend us when that happens, there will be the same comradeship that passes all understanding which united our fighting forces in the last war to end an unjust tyranny. But this time there will be a difference, still incalculable in its far-reaching consequences. For this time there will be war on the home front, and every civilian will be called upon to play his or her share. It will no longer be possible for the old bromides to direct operations from their club windows: no one will listen to them; their hoary mutterings will be lost in the clamour of the perfected A.R.P. orchestra. A good thing, that; and a fine thing, too: let it be put on record how many of the grandfathers, whose sons were lost—is it only twenty-five years ago?—have now come forward to play their part once more. It makes me ashamed to think that I waited so long myself to try to be of some practical assistance. All the speeches that I have made all over the country these last few months, exhorting my audiences to be of good cheer, for there was not going to be a war. I wonder now that I had the nerve!

Well, another sort of nerve will be needed in the long, exacerbating months to come. Besides, there were many other foolish prophets, too. It's no good harking back—no good dreaming now of the halcyon days, when we got up in the morning in tennis flannels, and the scent of the new-mown grass was like incense in our nostrils, and all we had to grumble about was the way the rain would wash out our tournaments. I am not going to start that sort of escapist *motif*. It's no use. We are all in this together, irrespective of class or age or sex. One of the things that have heartened me most during the last few days has been my contact with the women volunteers under the banner of the A.F.S. They are simply magnificent, from the newest recruit to their Commandant, and, although I haven't yet had a complete opportunity to view all the other women's auxiliary uniforms, I would take a wager that none are more attractive than those of the A.F.S. By the way, they are appealing at this moment for a thousand women owner-drivers to come forward, for they will be invaluable in providing transport between the different fire-stations. At the present moment, some stations are exceedingly short of such a pool of cars. Perhaps you who are reading this can help.

And there is another quite different appeal I would like to make this week, before I sign-off and thankfully turn in to get, I hope, an undisturbed night's rest. I want to appeal to all those readers of this magazine who happen to live in the country and are dog-lovers, who have room in their homes, to take in an evacuated pet. It is not only the children who have been separated, for safety's sake, from their parents. In many cases it has been considered advisable to evacuate, too, elderly men and women, who inevitably have had to leave behind many of their precious possessions. Perhaps their most precious of all, a beloved dog or cat.

I hope this appeal will not seem trivial to you: I cannot believe it will; it was made over the wireless, in the last desperate days of that half-peace, by a woman who all her life has striven openly and tirelessly to make the world a safe place for animals. I remember challenging her once on the subject, asking her whether she really thought animals were more important than human beings, and I have never forgotten her reply. She said: "If you can improve public opinion where animal suffering is concerned, then perhaps one day human beings themselves will also learn the importance of being kind to each other."

Her name is the Duchess of Hamilton, and she is the President of the Animal Defence League, who are asking desperately for volunteers to come forward to provide safe homes "for the duration" for the domestic pets of those who have been evacuated under A.R.P. ruling.



## THE MODERN WOMAN ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE



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*Elizabeth Arden*

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ENTENTE CORDIALE AÉRIENNE

Symbolic of the close and happy co-operation between the British and French Air Forces is this genial picture of M. Guy La Chambre, the French Air Minister, being met recently at Croydon Airport by Air Chief Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, Chief of Air Staff

#### Ups and Downs.

IT is the function of the mountebank (and I include myself and all journalists in the mountebank group, for do we not all of us *mount* on a metaphorical *bench*—a publication of some kind—and from there address those who choose to listen?) to entertain, and consequently, however heavy the situation may be, it will be my endeavour in these pages to find some lighter and brighter side. Brightest thing of all is the evidence we have of the way in which men in this country and in France have worked to prepare us for any trial. It is not customary for the servants of democracies to receive praise, for every individual clings tenaciously to the right to believe that he could do the job much better; but just occasionally merit is recognised. In aviation especially, I think, it deserves recognition.

No one, heaven knows, is more critical of our aeronautical activities than I. That peacock propensity to feel that I could do the job better if I were given the chance has always pursued me. Yet now—when the supreme test is being made—I can appreciate what has been done. Our research and experimental workers in particular have taken a large number of kicks, but that is partly because they are of necessity semi-silent. They cannot shout their achievements from the house-tops, so the captious critic enjoys the advantage of telling them off without the risk of being told off in return. The cure for the captious critic is to go and live with these workers for a time. He then discovers their integrity and their energy and initiative. British aeronautical research has been quiet, but enormously efficient. There are things which cannot now be openly discussed, but they will have their effect.

#### Team Work.

It is the same in the many other branches of aeronautical work: construction, inspection, test,

## AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

training and operation. It is now only possible to build up a passion about shortcomings in any of these branches on a basis of ignorance. For this is to be remembered, that the English method is not the one of the termites; it is not the method of the mob, disciplined to a state of semi-consciousness, but, on the contrary, the method of the individual, thoughtfully working with others for a common purpose, the method of the team in the best sense. And it is a fact of experience, testified to again and again, that the team wins when it competes with the mob.

No praise can be too high for the people who have striven so energetically and, in my opinion, so effectively during these past months to give British aviation a net lead in technique and training. Look at our military machines: in speed, in range, in load and in climb they have attained what the Americans call an all-time high. And the men behind those machines are working to-day with even greater energy to maintain and enhance the rate of progress. Therefore, my word is this, that discipline in the raw—without initiative—may do much, but that in aeronautics team-work with the fullest use of the individual's abilities, will always do more. The French and British teams are unsurpassed in skill, energy and initiative.

#### Remember.

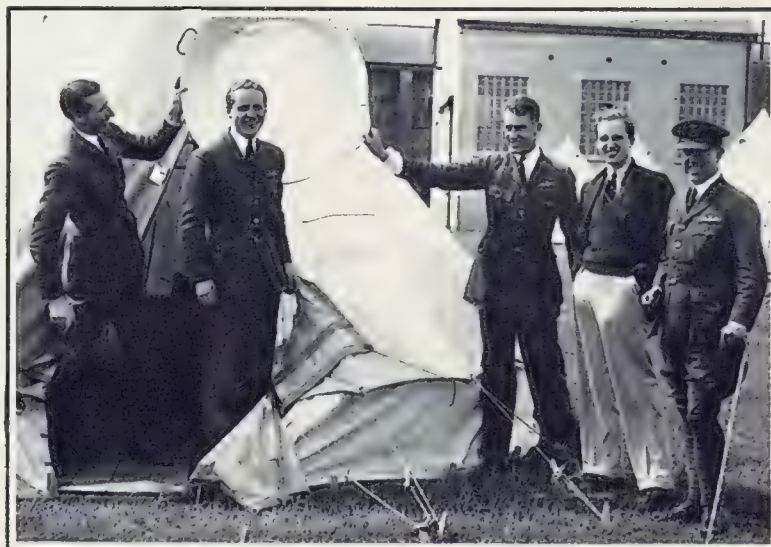
THIS is a curious and yet a salutary moment to take stock of our small civil aeroplanes; types which in happier days may come into their own and provide entertainment and interest in the way that only aviation can. You will recall that they were all lining up for the King's Cup race and for the race for the Wakefield Trophy when the crisis broke. They included all sorts and shapes, and some of them were exceedingly attractive little machines. But their idiosyncrasies were not so marked as might have been expected. Only in one or two instances could one attribute to them a shape and form distinctly marked off from the conventional. But your light-aeroplane designer is always groping about for novelties, and I am certain that we shall see some interesting ones in the future. Pushers, for instance, are likely to stage a come-back.

America has produced a good one in the Rich. It is a twin-engined machine with a tricycle undercarriage and many interesting points. And it is to be remembered that it is not only because it gives a good view and freedom in the cockpit from fumes and smell that the pusher is so attractive; there is also the aerodynamic side. Everything now points to the advantage of using the pusher design so as to give the wing the full chance of doing its work. It is the old story of keeping the air-flow smooth when it goes

over the wing. If you put an airscrew in front of a wing you churn up the air and the wing can do no work on it; but put the airscrew behind the wing and the wing works in clean air and gets the fullest effect.

#### Canada.

Canada has always been marked out to become one of the great aviation countries, and some statistics. I have recently had sent me from there confirm it. Instruction, aerial mapping, mileage flown and light-aeroplane club activities all increased last year, and it is expected that this year will show further large increases. Canada, for some unexplained reason, seems the ideal rearing-ground for pilots. Some of the finest pilots of the war of 1914 were Canadians.



Charles E. Brown

#### WASH UP YOUR TROUBLES

Ready to take anything with a smile were these members of an Air Auxiliary Squadron, which is composed largely of city men, when discovered by the camera-man in camp "somewhere." On the left is Squadron-Leader Henry N. St. V. Norman. The bath-tub may be regarded as a military halo



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MISS M. BAXTER ELLIS, CHIEF COMMANDANT,  
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The magnificent response of England's women in this great occasion has been exactly that which everyone knew that it would be. They played a great part Last Time; they are playing an even greater one in this New Abomination of Desolation which has been thrust upon a most unwilling world. Only a few leading lights of the various departments of Women's Services are included in this page, the reason, of course, being obvious. Miss Goodenough, Deputy Director of the Women's Royal Naval Service, is in the top left-hand picture, and her C.O., Mrs. Laughton Mathews, is in another. Their H.Q. are at the Admiralty, where both the pictures were taken. They are getting about 300 recruits a day! Stella, Lady Reading's fine work for women for a long time past is well known in the Personal Service League, and in the sphere with which she is now connected it will be equally efficient. Her companion in the picture is a barrister. Lady Denman, an aunt of Lord Cowdray, has put her house, Balcombe, in Sussex, at the complete disposal of those evacuated from London. Mrs. Walter Elliot, wife of the Minister of Health, was caught at a busy moment in her work for the Women's Voluntary Service for Civil Defence



MRS. LAUGHTON MATHEWS (DIRECTOR,  
"THE WRENS"); (BELOW) MRS. WALTER  
ELLIOT (RIGHT), AND SECRETARY





# A ROSE FOR ROSIE!

By MABEL DEAN

**H**AD it not been for the fact that Mrs. Bray had travelled overnight from the North of England, she would never have found herself in town before her husband had had time to arrive at his office.

She had travelled overnight, however, after paying a visit to the sickbed of her brother, and so it was that, for the first time in her experience, she saw the business life of London stretching and yawning preparatory to waking up.

Pamela had not intended returning in this manner. She had quite intended to arrive at a more civilised hour, call

flooded the kitchen, or the supper dishes of yestere'en lay unheeded in the sink.

Pamela, it will be observed, was quite remarkably thoughtful.

But when she arrived at John's office, it was to find that John had not yet arrived.

No member of John's staff had as yet arrived, in fact, and Pamela stood on the threshold of the office to regard with some dismay a perspiring, red-faced woman who sat back on her heels, wrung out a floorcloth, and stared back at Pamela over a tract of damp linoleum.

"Was you wanting someone, ma'am?" she inquired, somewhat superfluously. Then, swiftly, her face cleared, and she beamed. "Why, you're Mrs. Bray, ain't you, ma'am? I remember seeing you outer the basement winder one night when you come for Mr. Bray to go to the theayter, and a treat you looked in that white fur, if you don't mind me saying so?"

"Thank you, Mrs.—er—Pickford, isn't it? My husband often mentions you. You've got a little girl named Rosie."

"That's right, ma'am." The caretaker beamed delightedly. "Fancy Mr. Bray telling you about me and Rosie! But there, he's a real nice gentleman, Mr. Bray is! But 'e didn't come with you, did he, ma'am?" she added, with a suddenly perplexed look on her face.

Hastily, Pamela explained her untimely appearance, and Mrs. Pickford groaned sympathetically, looking thrilled to the marrow.

"Ah! I know what illness is, ma'am. Can't tell me much, not since my 'Erbert went west with 'is kidneys! But you come and sit over 'ere in the dry, and I'll put the rug under your feet. Won't be long now, Mr. Bray won't. Bet he's out in the garden choosin' 'is rose at this minute!"

"Out in the garden?"

(Continued on page 500.)



Poole, Dublin

## AIR-RAID SHELTER DE LUXE

There's not much need for tin-hats and sandbags for people in Connemara, where this picture was taken. The lucky ones are Lord and Lady Louth (extreme left and right) with their hostess, Mrs. St. John Gogarty, wife of the famous author and wit who has charmed us down Sackville Street and in the steps of St. Patrick, not to mention in the hay, with daughter Brenda Gogarty

at John's office, probably have tea with him, and then go home; but one of those sudden impulses to which women are subject made her decide on the midnight train.

She didn't bother to tell John of the alteration in her arrangements, because she knew he would feel it incumbent upon him to come and meet her, thus putting himself out by getting up at some unearthly hour, and probably spending the rest of the day feeling cross and peevish and unequal to dealing with business in his usual calm way.

Pamela had always been a thoughtful wife, and she continued to be thoughtful, even after twenty years of it.

She decided, therefore, to have some breakfast and then pop in and tell John she had arrived, after which, she would go home and quietly take up the reins of management again, though she considered it might be advisable first to ring up Gertie, the domestic treasure, and inform her of her impending arrival. Otherwise she might catch Gertie on what that lady referred to as "the 'op," and as she was a good girl as girls go, it would be wiser not to run the risk of catching her practising ballet-dancing to the strains of the wireless, or whatever else her private vice might be, while boiling water from the kettle



## "BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT" AT CRIEFF

Not all the Highland gatherings had the luck to be dated before the outbreak of war. Crieff, however, had a very successful day, in spite of the daring action of the chieftain, Mr. J. Douglas Maitland-Makgell-Crichton, in turning out in plus fours. Among a distinguished attendance was Sir Charles Barrie, of Tullybilton, Perthshire, now M.P. for Southampton, and in the Ministry of Shipping during the last war. With

Sir Charles in the picture are his three daughters



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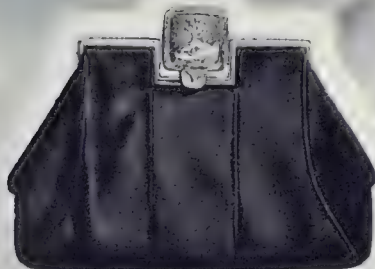
Black Calf bag, white stitching, with passport pocket and secret zip pocket - £4-15-0



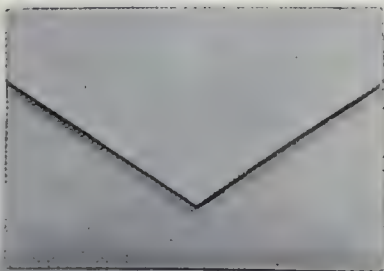
Black Antelope bag with silver frame set finest marcasite - - £38-10-0



Handbag in Black Soutache braid on black satin - £3-10-0



Black Reindeer bag with hand carved frame set with hand painted miniature £13-10-0



Diamante pochette in white as illustrated - - - £5-5-0  
Also on black satin ground.



Black Seal leather bag. Also in navy and nigger - - £1-1-0



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Black Antelope bag with marcasite mount £6-17-6



Tweed bag and scarf. In various colours - - £1-1-0



Brown Antelope bag with hand painted ivory medallion £10-15-0



Black Calf bag, slide frame, with zip pocket inside £3-10-0

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## A ROSE FOR ROSIE !—(Continued from page 498)

"Yes, and a lovely garden it must be, 'im gettin' roses like that, month in and month out! Never see 'im without a rose in 'is buttonhole, do you, ma'am? Not that I usually see 'im during the day, except through the basement winder when he goes to lunch, because he don't like to see me about doin' what you might call 'ousework when he comes, so I always make myself scarce, but down 'e comes every evenin' to give my Rosie 'is buttonhole before he goes 'ome! Prop'ly looks forward to gettin' that rose from Mr. Bray, my Rosie does—'Roses for Rosie,' he always says."

"That's delightful," said Pamela, with a smile.

"Yes, ma'am, and I 'm sure it 's very kind of 'im to bother. Not many gentlemen as busy as what Mr. Bray is would bother to come and give my Rosie 'is buttonhole, but I 'll be goin' now, ma'am. I 've finished up 'ere, and he won't be long now. Good mornin', ma'am!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Pickford! It 's been so interesting to meet you!"

Gratified and beaming, Mrs. Pickford departed, and Pamela's eyes roved round the room, coming to rest on a smaller desk than John's, which held a typewriter, and stood in a corner near the fire.

It was while she was staring at it that the door opened to admit a smart little figure in navy and white, with long, shimmering legs and flaxen curls.

Anticipating the question which hovered on the red lips, Pamela explained her presence, and the charming young person shot her an interested glance, even as Mrs. Pickford had done.

"Oh, Mr. Bray won't be long," she smiled affably. "He 's always here by ten-thirty at the latest."

"Yes! You 'll be Miss White, of course?" Pamela smiled back into the blue eyes which raked her from head to foot quickly. "My husband has mentioned you sometimes. We haven't met before, have we? I seldom come to this

part of the town in business hours. I don't think men want to be bothered with their wives when they 're busy!"

"No!" Miss White sorted some letters, swiftly. "I mean—well, it 's not very interesting—this part of the town, anyway, is it? Not like the West End."

Carefully she removed her pert little hat and pulled out the fingers of the gloves she had laid on John's desk, smiling at Pamela once again. "You look rather tired, Mrs. Bray," she added, going over to a small square of mirror and patting her curls. "Would you like me to make you a cup of tea? I can easily send out for some milk."

With utter unselfconsciousness she produced a compact and powdered her softly-tinted cheeks, before strolling back to John's desk and skilfully rearranging its contents in just the way he obviously liked them.

Watching her pink nails flashing as she moved her hands about the desk, Pamela shook her head.

"No, thank you," she said. "You 're very kind, but I 've had breakfast. And I think," she added, glancing at the clock and getting to her feet slowly, "I won't wait to see my husband after all. I 've just remembered there are one or two things I want to do before I go home. Perhaps you 'll be good enough to tell him I 'm back."

With a smiling nod, Pamela went out of the office, ignoring the lift and walking down several flights of stairs to the street, where she hailed a passing taxi and gave an address in Bond Street.

Even for a woman as thoughtful as Pamela was, her eyes were more than usually thoughtful as she sped on her way to have a facial, a hair-do, a manicure and, perhaps, even a discreet tint.

An odd little smile hovered on her lips as she went on thinking, rather hard.

Because there wasn't a garden attached to the block of luxury flats in which she and John had lived for years.

But Miss White, she had noticed, had carefully removed the white rose she had been wearing in her bosom, and placed it in a glass of water—to keep it fresh until John arrived!



ROYAL SMILES IN GLOOMY DAYS

Though the fact that her territory marches with Germany makes Holland's position a difficult one, and though her anti-aircraft force has already been in action against aircraft violating her neutrality, Holland, land of plenty, keeps her cheerful course. Here are Queen Wilhelmina, Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard with the little Princess Beatrix leaving Soestdijk for The Hague soon after the celebration of her Majesty's birthday





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# PETROL VAPOUR

By  
W. G. McMINNIES



MISS MONA TATHAM: WOMEN'S TRANSPORT

A whole page of other pictures of the women of Britain who have wheeled into line with such admirable precision appears elsewhere in this issue. Miss Mona Tatham is a transport officer at the Women's Service for Defence headquarters

virile and best-organised industry in the country. Its expansion has been terrific, and the competition it has had to face, not only in the home market, but also overseas, where it has made notable progress, has kept it alert and energetic. One of the outstanding happenings in the trade is the way in which the younger men are forging ahead. I mean people like W. E. and R. Rootes, John Philip Black, of Standards, W. M. W. Thomas, of Wolseleys, the Wilks brothers, of the Rover Co., and so on. I find the same characteristics in these men—intense enthusiasm for their work, terrific drive and a willingness to listen to other people's points of view.

In the past the average motor manufacturer's outlook was inclined to savour of dictatorship. He knew all there was to be known about motor-cars. True, he might only have driven one make of car—to wit, his own—for Lord knows how long, but, as he was quite convinced that this was the best sort of car, that lack of experience of what his competitors at home and abroad had to offer didn't matter. If customers complained about the misbehaviour of their cars or suggested improvements based on practical experiences in some part of the world that the manufacturer might never have heard of, they were told they were B.F.s, or words to that effect.

W. R. Morris, now Lord Nuffield, was the first man I knew to start the new line of thought—that the customer's view should be consulted. For Morris was a practical man and in his early days at Long Wall Garage, beside Magdalen College, Oxford, he'd had experience of many different makes of car, their failings and successes.

To-day, one of the king-pins in the Morris group is W. M. W. Thomas. Once upon a time we were brother journalists serving a great technical paper, whither he had drifted from the R.N.A.S. with the D.F.C. Dining

## Faith in Young Men.

**I**N a modern war, names such as Standard, Austin, Morris, Rolls-Royce, Rootes, and Ford will mean as much as Vickers and Armstrong meant in the last. For our motor and aircraft factories will produce the machines not only for defence and attack, but also for the preservation of order and the supply of necessities to the population.

The motor trade is probably the most

together at Glasgow one night, Thomas told me that Morris had asked him to join his then small but enterprising organisation. Did I think it a wise move? Without any hesitation whatever, I said "Yes." And that was the start of a career that is rocketing who knows where.

The Rootes brothers' zoom to success is due to intense industry, enterprise and vision. The pair are an ideal combination. W. E., world traveller, trading diplomat, charming in manner and always seeing just a bit further than the other chap. His brother, Reggie, the cool man of figures, confining himself more to facts as he sees them on paper. And both 100 per cent. devoted to their work.

Captain, and now Colonel, Black, of Standards, and his brother-in-law, Captain Wilks, of Rovers, joined forces after the war in the Hillman works at Coventry. The other member of this triumvirate was Major Dick, D.S.O., also a brother-in-law. Well, the enthusiasm and open-mindedness of these three men soon put the Hillman of those days on the map. They made an excellent "Fourteen," full of practical points, especially in regard to coachwork, and a sleek, polished aluminium sports model with a regular Bentley boom and big copper exhaust-pipe which tickled the fancy of the boys and girls of 1922 (*circa*).

Times changed, the Hillman Company was absorbed by the Humber-Rootes combine, and the three musketeers separated. Black went to Standards, Wilks to Rover, and Dick to ball-bearings. But they all still work in Coventry, and as far as I know meet regularly on the squash court. Well, there is a picture of some of the younger men in the industry on whom the country relies to-day for a large proportion of its transport in the field and in the air. You can trust them to deliver the goods.

## A Lift for Hikers.

**T**wo girls, carrying enormous packs, grinned at me as I flew along the Burford-Oxford road. At fifty or sixty miles an hour you haven't much time to look into details, but, as my general impression was favourable, I decided to stop. It appeared they wanted a lift to a Youth Hostel at Oxford. So in they jumped, packs and all. They were cheerful kids, one 17½—nearly 18, she said with pride—and had been on the road for weeks. They had had five lifts all told, and what they didn't know about the Cotswolds wasn't worth knowing. Each night they used a Youth Hostel, where a clean bed costs 1s. and a square meal 1s. 3d. Before going tough, one of them had spent a smart holiday in Paris, pretty clothes, make-up, and the usual round of places of uplift and low-down. I admired their enterprise and endurance, for those great packs must have been leaden loads on such slim shoulders. Arrived in Oxford, I put them down near their destination, for had they been seen arriving

in a car they would have run the risk of excommunication for such cheating. And now, Curious, you'd like to know if we exchanged cards and made a date. We didn't, and I don't even know their names, any more than they know mine. But I told them to read *The Tatler*, so there's still hope!

## How to Save Petrol.

**T**he rationing of petrol when it comes will bring into being all kinds of devices and dopes which claim to produce more miles to the gallon. But the first thing to do in searching for increased economy is to see that the carburettor is properly adjusted and that there are no leaks or flooding in the fuel system.



Nightingale

## OFFICERS OF AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT WORKSHOP COMPANY

This unit is a branch of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and the picture was taken at some place somewhere on some map

The names are, back row, left to right: Lt. H. E. Laffin, Lt. F. C. Green; Lt. A. B. Lloyd, Lt. J. D. Noble, Lt. F. J. Yardley, Lt. C. G. Chantrell, Lt. F. N. Lloyd, Lt. R. B. Morley. Front row, left to right: Captain R. H. Sievwright, Captain K. A. McK. Randles (adjutant), Major P. A. Chubb (Commanding Officer), Captain A. S. Lowe, M.C. (second in command), Lt. T. Spaun, Lt. H. H. Vost

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# A FIGHTING SOLDIER AND HIS BOOK

General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle's "REMINISCENCES"

By "SABRETACHE"

IT would be impossible in any book written by someone who can very rightly claim to have been the father of modern polo for that most intriguing of all games to be excluded from reference and a certain measure of discussion. Yet General de Lisle says in this most engrossing book, "Reminiscences of Sport and War" (Eyre and Spottiswoode Publishers, Ltd., 15s.), that he really does not propose to discuss polo, because in his other books, "Polo in India," published in 1906, and "Tournament Polo," which is of far more recent date and is a clever if somewhat technical book of advice upon how to do the trick and do it properly, so much has been said. This is, of course, quite true, but when anyone with the General's wide experience settles down to record his reminiscences we are bound to get something more than technicalities and records: we get that personal touch which is infinitely more entertaining. We all like being let in behind the scenes, whether it be battle-fighting, polo, love-making, or anything else that can be named. This is what must make this book so fascinating a document to all who have lived through the many events, the pictures of which are so deftly placed upon this canvas, and to that larger host who may not have enjoyed those privileges. The author of the book holds nothing back. To me this is one of its chiefest attractions, because in many autobiographies the writers are often inclined to leave out the bits that are not pleasant. Not so the General!

For instance, after the South African War, when Lord Roberts expressed the wish that de Lisle should transfer to the Cavalry, our author knew full well that into whatever cavalry regiment he was "inserted," he might quite easily be unpopular. The cavalry of that epoch thought that way about the infantry. Lord Roberts did not concur with officers who were later to become famous as Lord Haig and Lord French, who were *arme blanche* stalwarts and believed that the sword and the lance were the first, and probably the only, fit weapons for The Horse. Lord Roberts (and General de Lisle) believed that the tactical employment of cavalry in the future must depend upon the rifle and the machine-gun as the primary weapon, and the sword and lance as the secondary ones. If only these sage precepts had been kept in mind, we might not now be gazing upon the spectacle of the destruction of a highly specialised branch of the Army which in our present emergency it will be difficult indeed to re-create. Neither our present foemen nor our allies have considered it wise to scrap all their horsed cavalry. We have left ourselves merely a shadow of that arm—a proceeding which, in view of the

fact that a war of movement may have to be fought on a front a long way distant from the Western one, where friend and foe alike are so strongly dug-in that movement may be conspicuous only by its absence, we may yet live to regret.

De Lisle knew that he was not likely to be popular when he went eventually to the Royals *via* the 5th D.G.s, even though he had shown himself a brilliant commander of mounted infantry in South Africa. He wasn't! But there was nothing personal about it. Few *émigrés* from other regiments are popular, and especially is this so if they come from a totally different arm of the service. The cavalry, however, soon found out that this "infantry sodger" was a very live wire indeed, and I think one must quote this interesting letter which the General includes in his book. It was written by a Squadron Quarter-Master Sergeant who had left the regiment (Royals), and he wrote this:

DEAR COLONEL,—Now that I am no longer under your command, I feel we have done you an injustice. I expect you know that in the Royals we hate the sight of your face and the sound of your name, but we all agree that if the Royals go on service, you are the man we would like to lead us.

It was just that way, but I want to repeat that there was nothing really personal about all this—merely that a crack cavalry regiment thought that it was being rather put upon by having an infantry soldier appointed to command it.

There was very much the same feeling in the cavalry where polo was concerned. They could not believe that infantry could be on the map! That Durham Light Infantry onslaught led by de Lisle which started in 1896 and carried on through the Indian Inter-Regimentals of 1897 and 1898 simply flabbergasted The Horse and a good many other people, too. I was in India all throughout those years, so I claim to speak at first hand.

De Lisle's theory was that pace will always beat the dribbler, who was then considered to be the last expression of how to do things, and he proved it up to the hilt. Everyone adopted speed! The General makes a very guarded reference to the Durhams' encounter with a good polo-playing regiment with which they dusted the floor, and came in for a regular barrage of damns, and so forth. As the General has not said which regiment it was, one must conform to his desire for reticence. But here is a clue for the industrious—the No. 1 of that regiment is very much in the public eye at this bellicose moment. Some people will know at once.



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Paterson

THE COUNTESS VON HOCHBERG

Another peaceful picture, but this time taken on the Dochfour Waters, Inverness. The Countess von Hochberg is Lord Fermoy's aunt. She married the late Count Friedrich von Hochberg in 1905 and was re-naturalised in 1925

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## Air Eddies—(Continued from page 494)

Canadians have a special aptitude for the air. Their country also demands air communications perhaps more urgently than others although I always feel that air communications are really as vital to a small island as to a large continent and that, in fact, they are in some ways better suited to it. For the one thing about air transport is that it has its way laid for it all ready over both sea and land. That is why all the ferry services have done so well.

Here are some other interesting points from Canadian aviation reports. First of all there was the annual cruise of the Sportsman Pilots' Association in the Laurentians. The Muskoka Lakes area, less than an hour's flight north of Toronto, has been "discovered" as a playground for air tourists. "One couple we know," says one of the reports about this air tour "are flying up from Nashville, Tennessee to join the Muskoka Air Cruise. Their gas bill will amount to less than fifteen dollars each."

A man in Alaska recently bought two light aeroplanes to replace dog teams. His theory is that a light aeroplane costs about the same as a five-dog team but it does not eat fish when it is not working! It takes five dollars' worth of dried fish to take a team as far as one dollar's worth of petrol will take a light aeroplane. Those are the sort of original uses of the aeroplane which should be developed as much as possible.

### Large and Small.

It is exceedingly difficult, in present circumstances, to look at the future of civil aviation for it must be confessed that no one knows how long it will be before it has any future. This much, however, seems clear: the large aircraft of the future will be the flying boat and it will be used for the long-range journeys. The small aircraft will certainly be the landplane. As for the limits of size in the flying boat, nobody can predict what they will be; but hundred-ton machines are already on the drawing boards.

Those real air liners will be living quarters with wings on. Until we reach those huge sizes, it is futile to try and provide genuine hotel conditions in the air. I think it would be a help if designers determined at the outset whether they are setting out to provide hotel conditions or whether they are setting out to provide transport vehicle conditions. Do they intend to give each passenger a seat and a relatively narrow gangway along which to move from place to place or do they intend to give each passenger a *room*? That is the essential question and it is important not to try and mix up the two kinds of machine, and the accommodation they can offer. But there used to be a great temptation to all who heard of large size machines to start talking at once of concert halls and swimming pools in them. Yet some kinds of transport aircraft do not want concert halls or swimming pools, because they will be so fast that there will be no time to listen to a concert or to go for a swim!

### Ultimate Speeds.

Ultimate speeds are always an interesting subject for speculation and I see that Mr. H. E. Wimperis has again been suggesting that there is a natural speed limit of about 1,000 kilometres an hour. It is a challenge to which I believe many designers will be anxious to respond. The truth is that although there may be a practical speed limit, it is doubtful if there is a natural one. The theory of shock waves and all that does not work when it comes to bullets, so why should it work when it comes to aircraft? It may be that extremely high power would be needed; but there is no reason to suppose that extremely high power will not be available.

Two thousand six hundred horse-power engines have been known in the past—in the 1931 Schneider Trophy Race one of the engines was boosted to this figure by the use of special fuel in order to obtain the world's speed record—so there is no valid reason for supposing that they will not be known again in the future. Moreover there are rumours that the Americans have engines of far greater power than that on the stocks now. A thirty-six cylinder unit is spoken of as being a paragon of power output. Anyhow, the pursuit of speed would be a thrilling and fascinating subject if it were not for its linkage with war. And even from the point of view of its linkage with war it is worth examining from every possible angle.

### R.A.F.

I set out not to talk too much about the war; but I cannot refrain from a final remark about it. It is simply an affirmation of absolute faith in the Royal Air Force. I believe that the Royal Air Force will oppose brilliant, quick-thinking tactics which will confound and defeat our opponents. I believe that this war will be a tremendous justification of the words used by the late Sir Philip Sassoon when he said that we must become a "nation of airmen." I believe that we are now producing the finest airmen in Europe and that they will have a big and unexpected effect on the outcome of the conflict. That does not mean that long periods of strain and stress can be avoided; it means simply that the end is safe.



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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M.E. BROOKE

FURS occupy a very important position in the autumn wardrobe, and the wheel of fashion revolves very quickly where they are concerned. Unrivalled is the collection of fur coats and wraps which has been assembled by Harrods, Knightsbridge, in their salons. A new note is struck in some of the short coats by the mixing of skunk and ocelot, sleeves being made of the latter. Again there is a variety of little wraplets in unusual furs, including fox dyed in artistic shades. Sure to arouse feelings of the deepest envy is the dark mink coat—pictured on the left—with a hat to match. Note the broad shoulders and the clever manner in which it is waisted trimly, emphasizing the much-to-be-desired silhouette. The cost, it must frankly be admitted, is 600 guineas. It will come as a surprise that the Indian lamb coat is only 69 guineas. Its aspect is decidedly youthful, and it will remain undated indefinitely

Picture by Blake

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# Autumn Suits

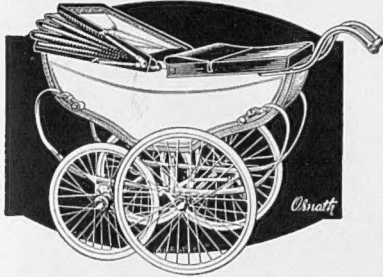


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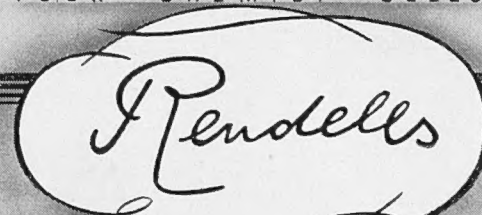
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A REVOLUTION has occurred in the kingdom of millinery. The lines are simple and all elaborate trimmings have been eliminated. The veil is conspicuous by its absence—or when it does appear it is merely a soft drapery. Felt, velour, velvet and melusine have come into their own again. They are so soft that they always flatter the face, and in some incredible manner emphasize the good points of the wearer. The models illustrated on this page may be seen in Corringes' pleasant salons in the Buckingham Palace Road. The very latest version of the bustle hat (which has aroused so much controversy) is seen at the foot of the page on the left. The other hats are of felt trimmed with ribbon. It is surprising how the same ingredients, when blended, can appear so different. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that this firm make a feature of slip-on sports hats from 12s. 9d., and felt affairs, suitable for morning wear in town, from 25s. 9d.

# Autumn Headlines



*Pictures by Blake*

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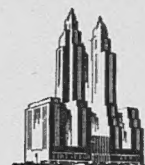
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